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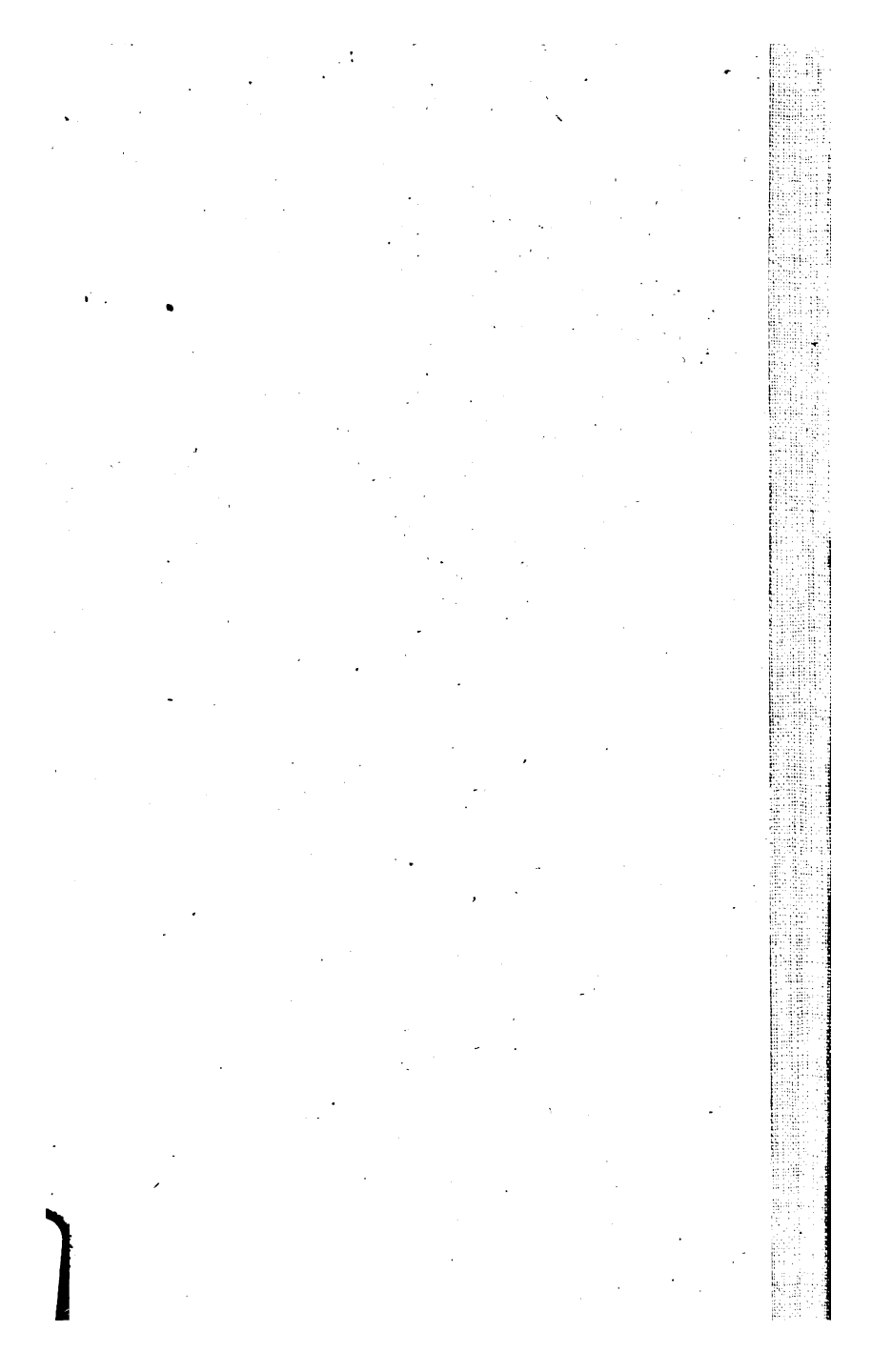
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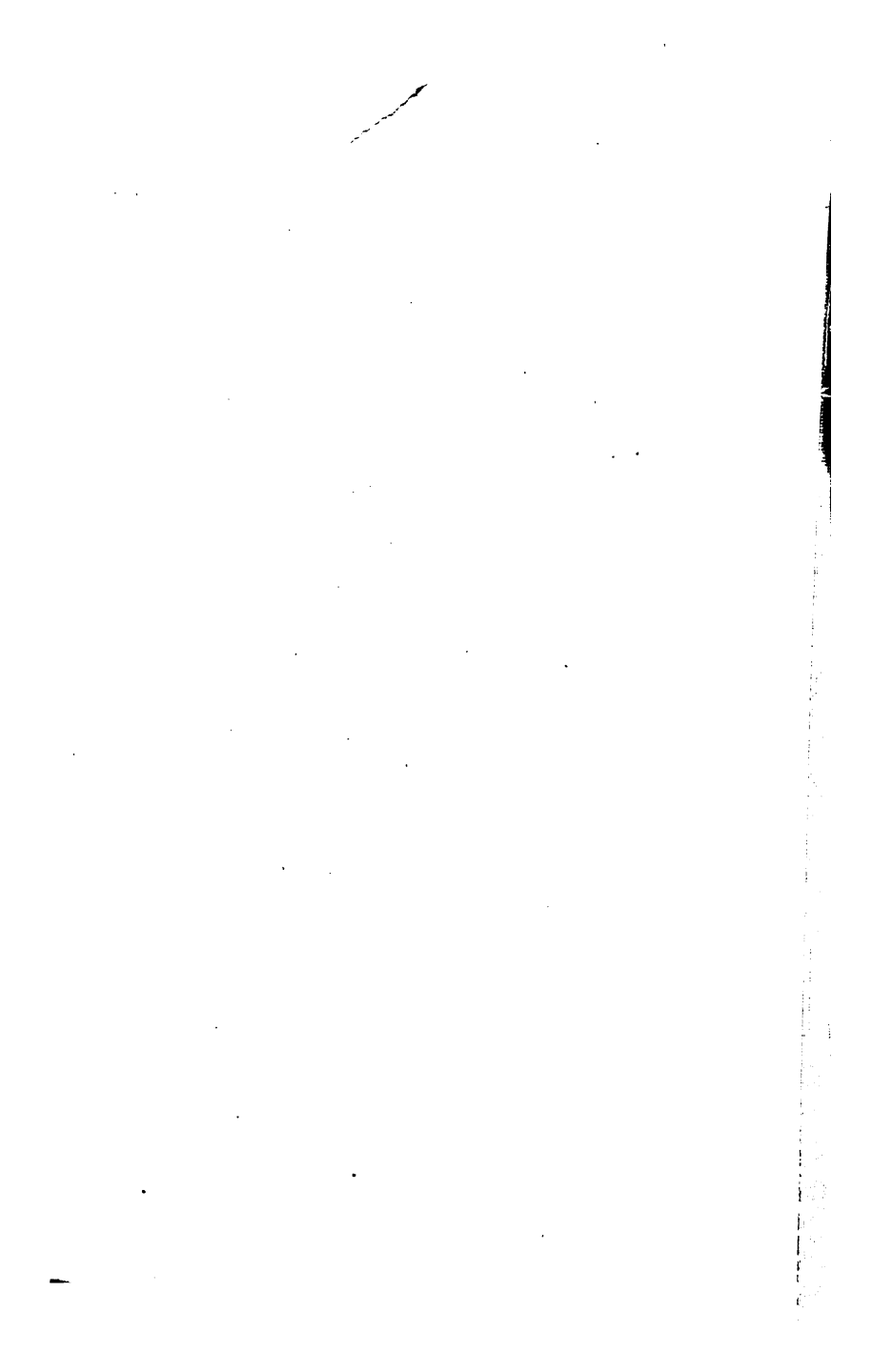
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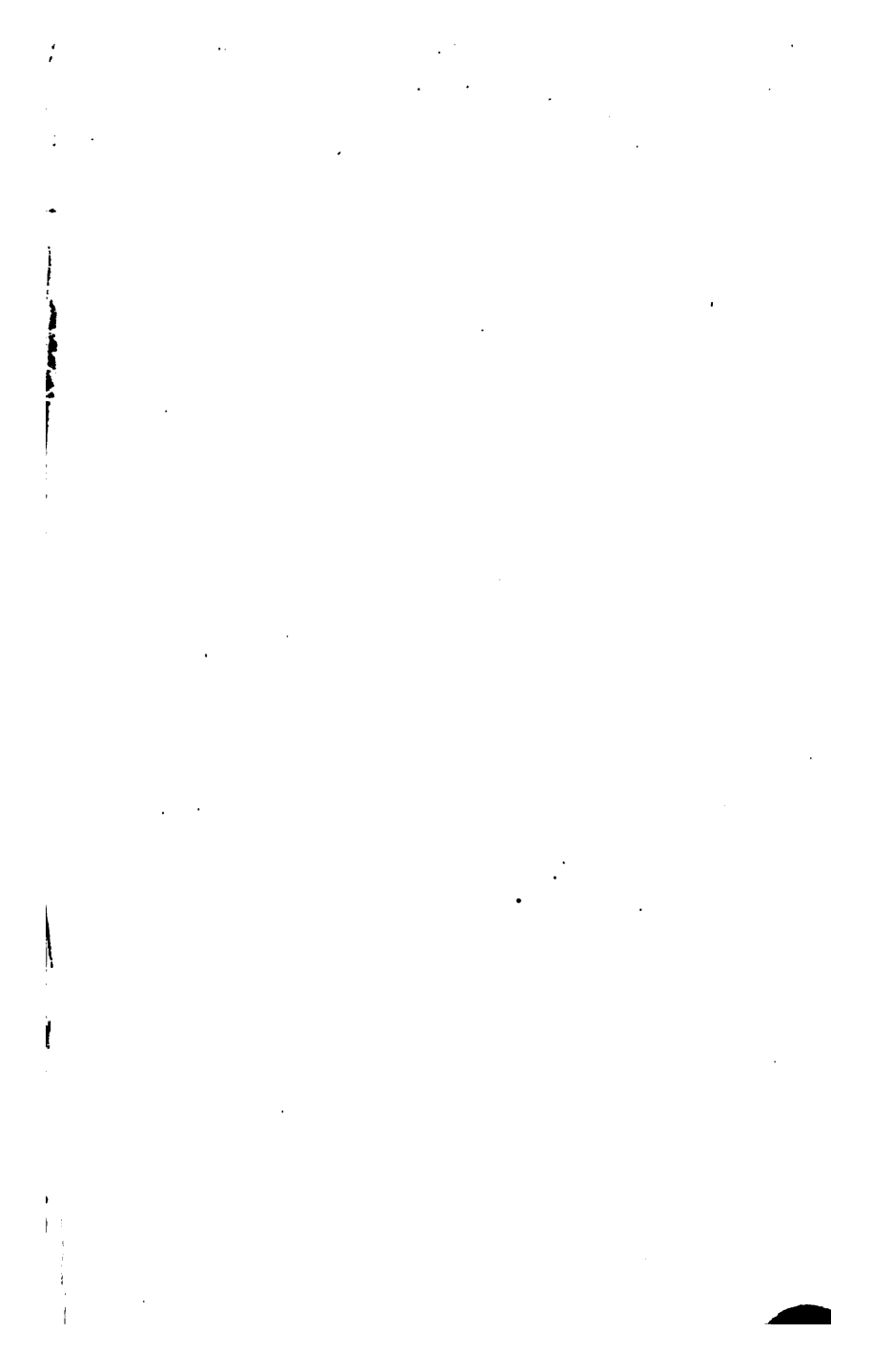
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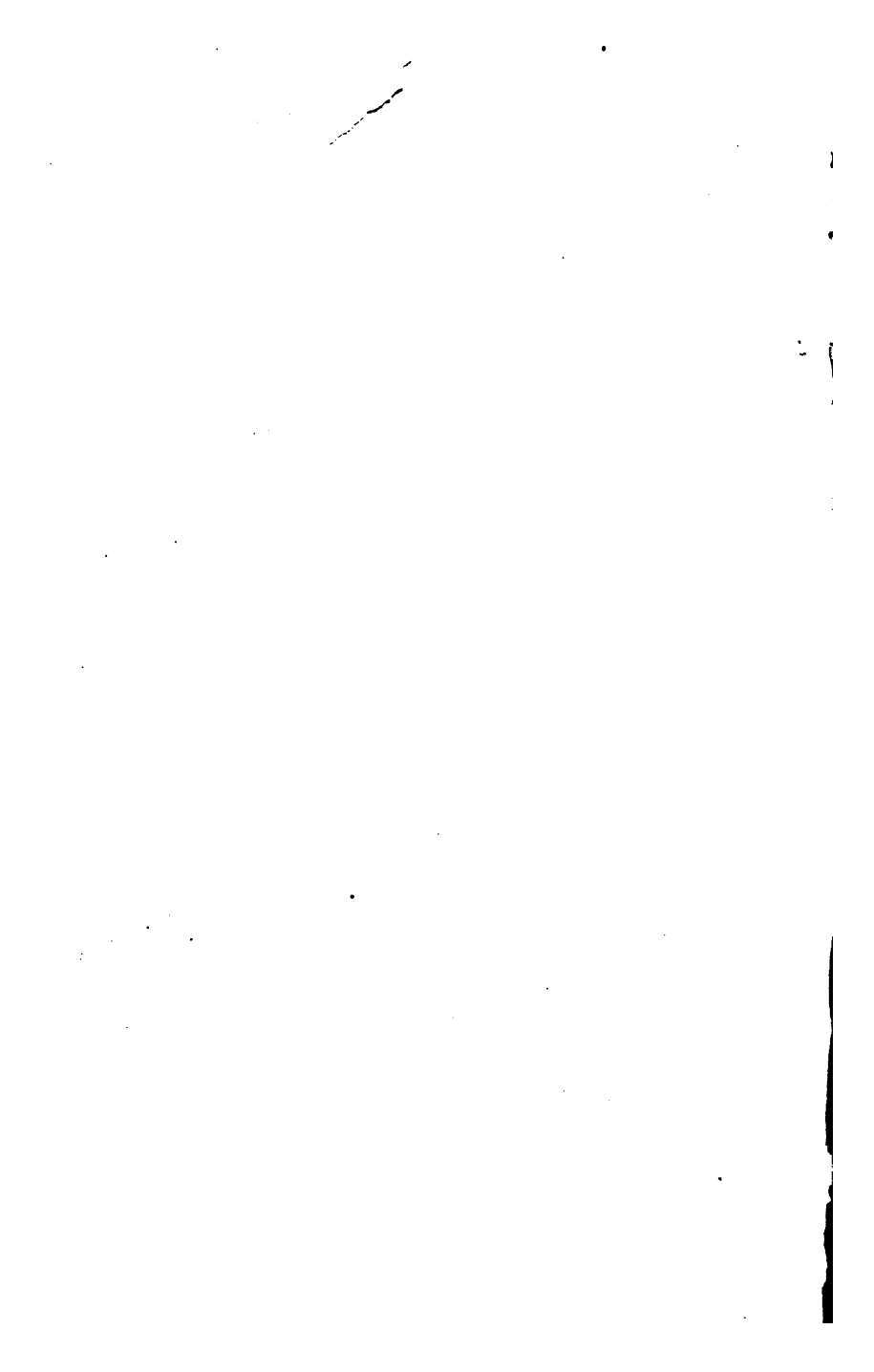
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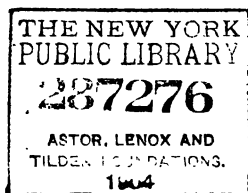
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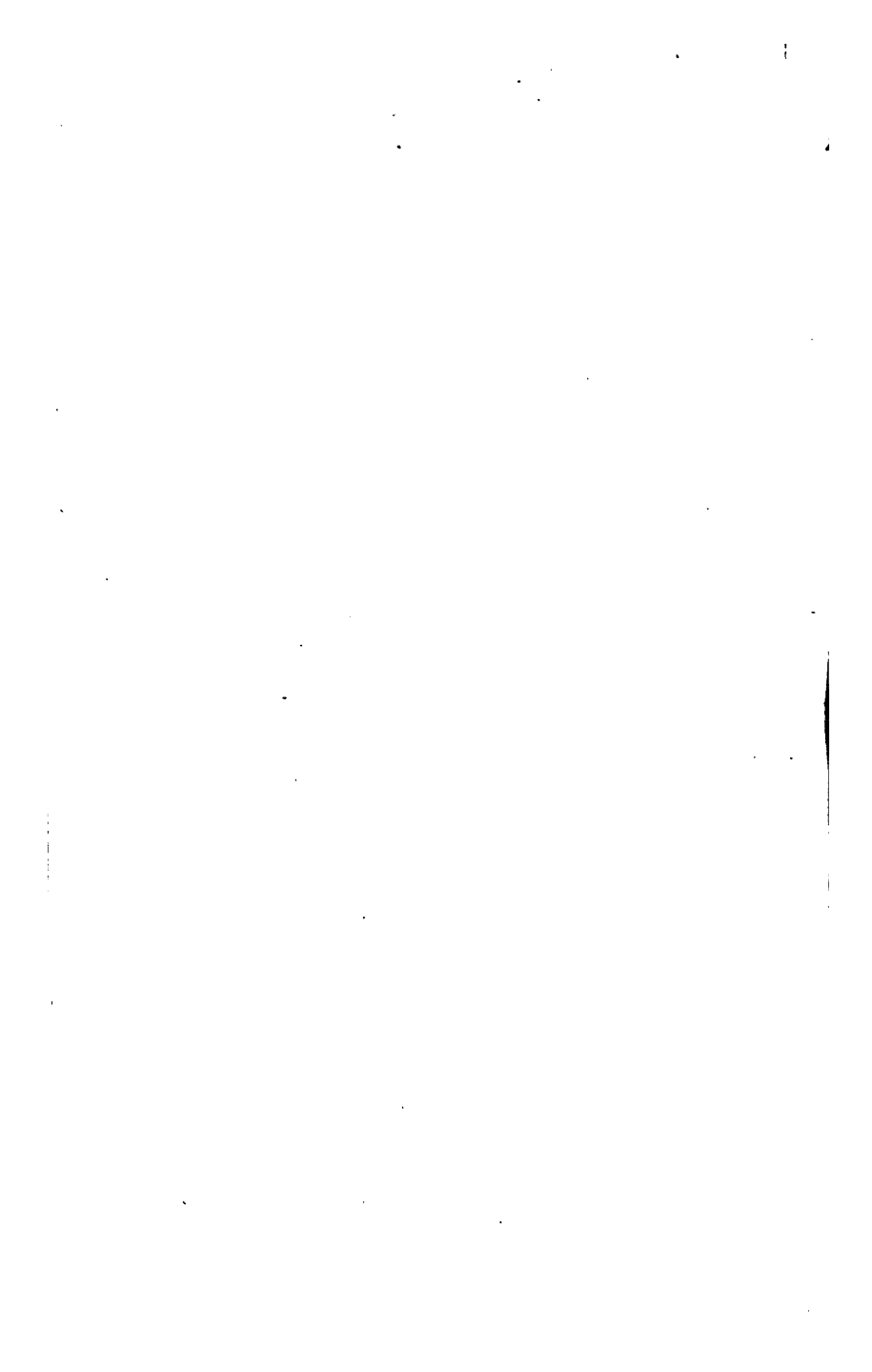
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PREFACE.

I N issuing a new edition of this book I am hopeful that it may meet with the same measure of success which was accorded the first edition when it was placed before the public in 1897. The Press unanimously adopted the tone of Sir Sidney, indeed, which was nothing but "Praise! Praise! Praise!" from almost every quarter of the globe. Communications reflecting credit on my efforts to make the art of elocution more evident to the ordinary reader were received by me from all parts of the kingdom; and, acting on several kindly suggestions, I have tried to embody the principles of the art with several short studies of recitals, set out in such method that the merest tyro may, with study and practice, grasp the essentials of the art of reciting.

As "Brevity is the soul of wit," I come to that point which should form the primary subject in the education of a dramatic student—namely, elocution. To many persons it is a dead art. Some fail to see the practical good which results from its study; while others are impressed with the idea that it is too difficult to learn; and thus, by the ineptitude

of the illogical, remain ignorant and prejudiced as to its qualities.

For the information of those who have given a passing thought to this art I have, in this Preface, endeavoured to unveil a few of the subtleties which lie hidden within it; and have attempted to show the value of its being added to other subjects of education. The Greeks and Romans attached such vast importance to its value as an *accomplishment* that they organised schools of instruction for the purpose of systematically teaching it. Its importance is now becoming so recognised that men advanced in years undertake lessons for the purpose of enabling them the more effectively to carry out their duties in public or private life. As regards its value as an educational influence, it is only necessary to say that elocution is a *mind-directed* art. It opens out to the mind the beauties of language; it compels the student to think out for himself the meanings of master minds; it teaches discrimination in what to retain and what to reject; it imbues the mind with a poetic influence; and what more, educationally, could be wished for than these powerful mental exercises?

In Parliament, the Church, the Bar, the Stage, and even at the street corner, we see the necessity of its cultivation. "The importance of elocution presupposes the importance of other things," and for men who are morally and intellectually qualified to act as preachers, the importance of an effective

delivery—which is the outcome of a knowledge of elocution—can scarcely be overrated.

The late Professor Plumptre once remarked to me some years ago while I was studying this art, that if there were some ethereal way of communicating with the mind, if the process of preaching were designed to be mesmeric, and people were to be put in a trance for a short space of time, instead of being aroused, in order to instruct and impress them, then might we dispense with elocution.

The rules of elocution are designed to correct the bad habits of speech, gesture, and deportment ; and to make the voice, the countenance, and body well-attuned instruments to respond actively to a mind full of noble thoughts and powerful emotions. So far I have endeavoured to place this subject in the light of a high and pure pleasure, which should be cultivated for the sake of the gratification which it gives to others, and as an addition to our intellectual attainments.

I cannot conclude without adverting to it in another aspect. The constant practice of the vocal organs cannot be pursued without the whole system gaining in health. Sir Henry Holland states in a work of his that more might be done in practice towards the prevention of pulmonary disease, as well as for the general improvement of health, by expressly exercising the organs of respiration. “If some small part of the time given to crowding facts on the mind not yet prepared to receive or retain

them were employed in fashioning and improving the organs of speech under good tuition, and with suitable subjects for recitation, both mind and body would often gain materially by the substitution.

We are told that the purport of elocution is to "hold the mirror up to nature," and that naturalness is the touchstone of the actor's art and the keystone of elocutionary power. Thus we easily understand the power of the public performer whose every word uttered has been so weighed and considered, and delivered with such an appearance of nature, that the hearer for the time being loses sight of the individuality of the performer and seems to see the character in actual form.

And now let me appeal to the reader who has not yet included this art in his list of studies to do so at once, for by its inclusion it will add to his intellectual equipment.

My sincerest thanks are hereby tendered to Sir A. Conan Doyle, Messrs. W. S. Gilbert, Rudyard Kipling, Clement Scott, Dan Leno, Bart Kennedy, S. J. Adair-Fitzgerald, and Mrs. Albert S. Bradshaw, and other popular authors whose works are included in my selections, for their kindness in allowing me to use their several contributions.

R. F.

INTRODUCTION.

HOW to say a thing—what may one say of that? Speaking as an actor ; as one who lives, to some extent, by his ability to say good things well, I am naturally somewhat cautious before uttering upon the matter. The old retort, always unanswerable, always apt, of "Physician, heal thyself," hovers round the effort. It is difficult enough to speak other men's words, to express the thoughts of other minds, but to discuss how it is done——!

Still, no one who has suffered the anxiety of attempting to realise some inaudible actor's intention will ever hesitate to assert that elocution is one of the prime necessities of the stage. To fulfil the meaning of the writer—how necessary to that is the clear repetition of the author's language!

The first call on a public speaker is that he should be audible; the second that he should be intelligible; and elocution makes for this compound righteousness. Even as musicians drag the absorbing melody from the dead strings, so may a man wrest the deep meaning out of the written matter; infusing into it, maybe, (as the musician into his

theme) something additional, graceful, from out of his own personality. From which arises the interest in "different readings," "fresh impersonations," and the interpretative medium for these is elocution. To the right understanding, then, of artistic effort, elocution is thus seen to be an important necessary. By its aid the prophet can stand in the valley and call the dead bones to life. In it are sealed the glamour and the spell of persuasion. But of one thing we must beware. Elocution is a means—no end. It is a mechanism, not a vitality; a device for interpreting, not a living interpreter. We must not rest content in it. We must use it, admire it, delight in it, perfect ourselves in it. But we must still remember it is but a tool ready for the skilful workman; and that speaker who fancies he has mastered oratory when he has but mastered elocution is in a parlous state truly. Substance is greater than form, though form is needful, desirable; and elocution serves the needs of form—not of substance. Herein lies its danger. An unscrupulous orator can often persuade to the untrue by reason of the true man's halting diction. This is the very "bluff" of oratory. We must be careful not to infect ourselves with it.

But given elocution and the intention of sober use, and you have a most likely orator. And the glory of elocution rightly used is that it satisfies him speaking, and pleasures him hearing; that it renders inspiration vocal, and opens the gate to the

poet's ecstasy; that by it man can confer with men, and persuade them to his mind. The commonplace may climb to pleasantness; the pleasant to inspiration; the inspired to divinity by so free a way as this. It is a way for the whole world. With emphasis I would say to all that wish to excel in any art where public utterance prevails, whatever you have to say, say it at its very best! And the art of thus saying things at their best, in their fullest meaning, and most musical expression, is elocution in the true sense of the word. And to one and all I say, "Be distinct! be distinct!! be distinct!!!"

One of our most celebrated dramatic critics recently told me that he is a constant frequenter of the pit, and that he has invariably been struck by the fact that those playgoers who most do congregate in that part of the theatre hear as a rule but a limited number of the words spoken on the stage. This he takes to be the reason why a drama of *action* rather than of *dialogue* stands a better chance of success with a large public. In justice to your author, to your audience, to yourself—be distinct! be distinct!! be distinct!!!

To be distinct is the golden rule of expression, and this can only come by observation. Practice, perfect, observe the rules. Suit them to your gifts! it is no dreary task. The glory of future interpretation will inspire you, and the delight of discovered meanings. Learn to say good things well, and you shall receive the attention of men! In the following

pages will be found Mr. Ross Ferguson's advice to all who would so excel. I can only say that if his sensible and clearly prescribed rules were practised by the students of that art which I am proud to be a learner in, half the disheartening work of stage management would vanish for ever. One cannot do better than follow him.

GEORGE ALEXANDER.

THE ART OF ELOCUTION AND PUBLIC SPEAKING.

CHAPTER I.

PREFATORY.

WHEN the initiated reflect how much the Art of Elocution has advanced in interest during recent years, and how the study of it is being encouraged and cultivated, I hope I shall not appear unduly assertive in insisting upon its importance and utility. Composition speaks to the fancy ; elocution paints to the senses ; consequently the representation is more palpable. Music addresses the ear ; so does elocution, but the latter possesses sounds adapted for convincing as well as for pleasing and emotional effects ; for the convincing tone of argument bears down all hesitation, and compels assent. Painting fascinates the eye with all that is graceful, majestic, and expressive in feature and pose ; but elocution combines with these the variety and energy of *life*. I do not wish to infer that elocution is superior in

dignity and purpose to these arts, for they possess potent causes of exciting pleasure and imagination ; but it possesses many of their properties in common, and others in an almost superior degree, and so should command further recognition and cultivation.

All men are not born orators, and he who would shine forth in the land of "speech-making," should make it his study to become proficient in the art of elocution. Demosthenes steadfastly devoted himself to the requirements of the art of speaking, so that he might become an accomplished and powerful speaker. We have it handed down from his time, that he declaimed regularly on the seashore with pebbles in his mouth, to correct an impediment and to improve his articulation. He practised attitude and gesture before a mirror ; he trusted to Art as recognised in those days, and was justly rewarded by the most perfect success ever attained by a disciple of oratory.

Shakespeare as an authority on the power of elocution, and a keen observer of its advantages, must be held in high estimation ; for what stronger proof of his practical knowledge of the art do we require than the instructions that he makes Hamlet give to the players : "Speak the speech, I pray you, trippingly on the tongue." His short career as an actor had evidently opened his eyes to its true value. "The voice of song is not sweeter than the voice of eloquence," and a correct and graceful mode of speaking is so beneficial that no effort should be

spared to add it to other accomplishments. To acquire a proper knowledge of this art, the student must be prepared to go through a regular course of study and exercises; commencing with such as are very easy, and proceeding by slow steps to such as are more difficult. In the meantime attention should be paid to prevailing defects, before any attempt is made at anything of a high-class nature. This, doubtless, will be disagreeable, and require much patience, but it must be borne in mind that it is only perseverance that will land the student at the goal of success. It would be useless, in fact, ridiculous, to attempt the reciting of sublime poetry while there exists incompetency to do justice to simple narrative.

To speak or recite effectively demands certain qualifications, viz.:—

The mind must be cultivated to understand.

The feelings regulated to give expression.

The voice trained to give forth musical tones.

The style to be completely natural.

“Elocution is a science as well as an art. As a science it resolves speech into its elementary constituents and examines the qualities of sound. As an art it constitutes a knowledge as to the best modes of appealing to the understanding and moving the feelings of an audience.” Books of taste will supply food for reflection; and reflection will enable you to have a sequence of thoughts. Composition is the

means of enabling you to put those thoughts into words; and elocution is the art of expressing those words with power and expression. Many persons make an effort to excuse themselves when asked to read aloud a selection of prose or poetry. They are sensible of their inability to read with sense and judgment. They may be possessed of greater or lesser capabilities, but they lack this one effective accomplishment. It is no small wonder that the ordinary individual fails for the want of knowing how, while our ministers generally ignore the study of elocution, thus causing no surprise at the number of listeners who fall into the arms of Morpheus while the preacher occupies the pulpit. The reader must have noticed the difference between a good elocutionist and the member of the Church. The voice of an accomplished elocutionist is modulated according to the sense of his subject, consequently all the musical tones of his cultivated voice are called into play; while the other continues the dreary chant so peculiar to his order. It is here necessary to advise the intending student on one point for the express purpose of preventing any dismal failure on his part. Reciting or speaking in public should not be undertaken until the various branches of elocution have been thoroughly mastered. The student must debate within himself whether he is competent to speak without ridicule being heaped on his head, or whether he is endowed with the necessary ability to successfully delineate the several characters and

emotions of his selections. If a satisfactory conclusion has been arrived at in the affirmative, then settle down and commence to master, by memorising, the words of the subject decided upon for public effort. It must be read aloud in the student's own sanctum so as to familiarise one's own voice ; it must be studied intently to obtain a good idea of the sense ; to picture vividly its dramatic or humorous "points" ; the several emotions ; the words to be selected for emphasis ; the parts for gesture ; and a general study of the whole matter to enable it to be rendered in a graceful and natural manner.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOICE.

I HAVE thought it discreet to tersely place before my readers a few practical descriptions of the various organs of respiration, voice, and speech. It is compulsory to know something of the instrument that we use so much, and know so little about.

The lungs are the reservoirs of inspired air. They consist of five spongy elastic lobes, three on the right side, and two on the left. The air is conveyed into them from the windpipe by means of the bronchial tubes, and thence carried by smaller ramifications, disposed on all sides like the branches of trees, into minute vesicles. In the respiration of speech, the lungs must be inflated to a far greater extent than that necessary for the purposes of existence. Expansion of the lungs chiefly depends on the action of the thorax and the diaphragm. All action with the lungs should proceed principally from the action of the thorax, the diaphragm, and the abdominal muscles.

The thorax, or sides of the breast, distend and contract with the lungs. In respiration the lungs are wholly passive ; their size increasing in exact proportion with the expansion of the chest.

The diaphragm is a large muscular substance which forms the floor of the breast, and separates it from the abdomen. In inspiration the diaphragm descends, and so enlarges the capacity of the chest ; in expiration it ascends, and, pressing on the lungs, expels the inspired air.

The larynx arises from the windpipe and contains the material organs of sound. In the male sex it is generally prominent exteriorly, and commonly called "Adam's apple." It consists of five elastic cartilages, the uppermost of which is termed the epiglottis.

The office of the epiglottis is to direct the expired sound, and to open and shut like a valve the aperture of the exterior glottis. This is the sonorous opening between two cartilages of the larynx, and situated above the vocal chords. It is provided with muscles which enlarge or contract at pleasure. The glottis is the organ of all vocal sound, and it should never be strained ; like the lungs, it should be kept wholly passive, especially when depth of tone is required.

The pharynx is a large dilatable bag situated behind the palate, terminated in front by the mouth, and above by the nasal passages. By distension and contraction it is an agent of the sonorous and explosive sounds heard in the letters *b*, *d*, *v*, and *c*.

The nares, or nasal passages, are tubes which conduct from the pharynx to the nostrils. They are closed by the soft palate, and only opened for the articulations of *m*, *n*, *ng*, and French nasal sounds.

A voice of good quality and power is only obtained

by constant practice, and by attention being paid to intonation. Very few of our actors and speakers possess voices of natural musical power; but those who pay studious care to this defective department, produce effects equal to those more naturally gifted. For improving the sweetness and strengthening the tones, begin with a moderate degree of loudness—sufficient to fill a small-sized room—and gradually increase in volume until the full extent of the power of the voice is reached. When it is found that an unpleasant feeling seizes the throat or chest, cease increasing the power and dwell on the tone that is most agreeable. Always bear in mind to begin gently, so as to prepare the voice for the greater effort. An idea of the acoustic properties of the room or hall in which the practice takes place should be gained, so that the ear can be trained quickly to catch the returning sound. Some buildings are more echoing than others, and in such the reciter or speaker should make frequent and short pauses, and should be very distinct in his utterance.

There are two kinds of voice used by actors and elocutionists, and which are called the *Oratund* and the *Aspirated*. The former is used for the expression of sublime, grand, and deeply pathetic language; while the other gives intensity to certain kinds of passionate expression, such as surprise, wonder, hate, horror, and scorn.

The low tones should be constantly exercised so as to improve their sweetness and strength. This is

to be acquired by reading or reciting passages of an appropriate nature in a low, well-modulated, yet strong key. Care should be taken that the glottis is not unduly exerted. The effort required in powerful delivery should be thrown on the muscles of the diaphragm, and not on the tender organs of the throat. That well-known affection "Clergyman's sore throat," emanates from undue exertion of the vocal chords; and it is well to bear in mind that complete rest should be undertaken while the throat is the least sore. Abstention from cold drinks is necessary after the voice has been exerted: and on leaving a warm room a silk muffler should be placed well at the back of the neck to preserve that part from the cold. The mouth should be kept closed, and the air allowed to pass through the nasal passages to prevent the cold air reaching the larynx.

The nasal passages should be kept clear, as they add greatly to the purity of tone. Should they happen to be dry and sore, the application of cold cream or vaseline will be found to be very beneficial. By inhaling and exhaling the air at regular intervals, or by taking advantage of what are termed rhetorical pauses—used for dramatic effect—the wretched habits of gasping and puffing will be avoided.

Vocal gymnastics should be cultivated for the purpose of developing the flexibility of the muscles which are employed in the production of the voice. The muscles of the chest may be exercised in a number of ways by the use of dumb-bells, movement

of the arms backward and forward, and rowing. During practice and actual performance, the student should maintain an erect and easy position with the shoulders well thrown back.

VOICE AND EMOTION.

There are no means so powerful as the human voice for arousing emotion. It has a magnetic power over an audience, but that power will not be felt unless it is tinged with true emotion. A reciter must *feel* before he can succeed in gaining the sympathy of his listeners. Though gesture may be the correct expression of a feeling not actually felt, yet it will not hold a large number of persons spell-bound, as will the voice. Austin says "... emotion is the very breath and life-blood of thought; it is dead without it. The art of a fine actor culminates, not in the rounded period, nor even in the loud roar and violent gesture of excited passion, but in the breathless silence of intense feeling, as he stands apart and allows the impotency of exhausted symbols—the quivering lips and glazed eye—to express for him the crisis of inarticulate emotion."

The student should take examples from his own life: the varied passions that he may have witnessed and felt during his career, and so bring to bear on his efforts emotions stamped with the truth of life. But they must be held well in check so that they do not run away and compel him to forget his artistic

instinct and so overstep the bounds of nature. If the student *understands* and *feels*, and, for the time being, *lives* in every situation of the subject, he cannot fail to impress his hearers: for there is a subtle connection between the voice and the mind. Emotional tones arise from the soul, and those who possess *soul* and cultivate the tones will find a quick and ready entry into the hearts, and an impulsive appreciation at the hands, of an impressed audience.

"Nature's true knowledge is the only art,
The strong-felt passion bolts into his face ;
The mind untouched, what is it but grimace?
To this one standard make your just appeal,
There lies the golden secret—*learn to feel.*"

CHAPTER III.

ARTICULATION AND PRONUNCIATION.

ARTICULATION is the act of forming with the organs of speech the elements of vocal language. It is defective when one or more elements of a word are imperfectly formed. The aim of the student should be to attain a perfectly correct enunciation, which is the utterance and combination of the elements of speech, and the pronunciation of syllables and words. It is here shown that enunciation combines articulation and pronunciation. A standard dictionary should be obtained which records the correct pronunciation of each word; and much will be gained by listening to those who represent that cultivated class whose example sets the fashion in speech to the rest of the world. Pedantry, or affectation, should be avoided by not too closely observing the rules of etymology and analogy. Attention must be directed to the vowels, which should be pronounced fully and clearly. A vowel sound is produced in the larynx, and is emitted through the mouth without coming in contact with any of the articulative organs.

A has five sounds—*ale, ah, all, at, air.*

E has three sounds—*eel, err, end.*

I has two sounds—*isle, it.*

O has three sounds—*old, ooze, odd*

U has three sounds—*up, pull, unit.*

CHAPTER IV.

EXERCISES ON THE VOWELS.

- * ā :—*fate, bathe, paste, gauge, pay, pray.*
- ē :—*feet, key, me, mean, grieve, quay.*
- ī :—*time, height, sigh, mind, pint, isle.*
- ū :—*cube, tune, duke, dew, hue, view.*

First utter the sound of the vowel clearly and fully, and when repeating the word let the same sound be heard in the utterance. These directions also apply to the following exercises :—

- ăt :—*pat, bad, gas, wrap, hath, inhabit.*
- ět :—*pet, friend, get, said, tread, deaf.*
- īt :—*pit, ring, ridicule, living, busy.*
- őt :—*not, bond, was, yacht, wan.*
- ūt :—*Somerset, above, cub, front, dove.*
- ööt :—*pull, push, would, cushion.*

* * * *

- ah :—*laugh, aunt, almond, half, palm.*
- awe :—*broad, fall, caught, all, water.*
- oo :—*who, true, lose, move, tomb.*
- oy :—*joy, point, choice, oil, noise.*
- ow :—*brown, shout, astound, loud.*

* * * *

* Smart's Dictionary.

ar :—*heart, bar, star, barb, arm, mart.*

er :—*term, mirth, dearth, err, learn.*

or :—*warm, form, nor, chord, orb.*

ur :—*her, stir, cur, burn, spurt, fur.*

* * * *

āre :—*dare, there, bear, heir, pair.*

ēre :—*fear, near, bier, mere, cheer.*

īre ;—*lyre, fire, hire.*

ōre :—*more, oar, door.*

ūre :—*cure, sure, newer, ewer.*

ōōr :—*poor, tour, moor.*

ower :—*hour, flower, scour, shower.*

* * * *

The sounds of the consonants are modified by the position of the tongue, palate, lips, and teeth, hence the terms lingual (tongue); palatal (palate); labial (lips); dental (teeth); and guttural (throat).

LABIALS (*b, p, m*).

Formed by the contact of the lips.

bay, beer, bend, bubble, rub, tube.

pay, peer, pine, pompous, sharp, type.

may, mean, mind, maim, remember.

* * * *

LABIO-DENTALS (*f, v*).

Formed by the contact of the upper teeth with the lower lip.

feel, fine, foe, fifty, fifth, stuff.

vain, voice, vile, revive, hive.

* * * *

LINGUA-DENTALS (*th*, thin ; *th*, thine).

Formed by the application of the tongue to the fore teeth.

think, through, health, warmth.

they, thus, than, thyself, wither.

* * * *

LINGUA-PALATALS (*d, l, n, sh, t, r, s, z*).

Formed by the application of the fore part of the tongue to the fore part of the palate.

day, dew, drove, did, derided.

lovely, lull, unable, love, lily.

new, gnash, nun, inn, impugn.

shame, shirk, shawl, rush, shore.

tart, tempt, torn, tear, toast.

† *ray, rung, rid, bring, very.*

‡ *here, third, commerce, arm, pure.*

sad, same, send, sense, hosts, soil.

zeal, zone, zest, zigzag, doze.

LINGUA-PALATALS (*g, j, k, ng, wh, y*).

Formed by the application of the back part of the tongue to the palate.

got, gun, guide, giggle, egg, dig.

jelly, jovial, juice, judge, perjure.

king, kirk, tack, chalk, key.

singing, sing, song, long, nothing.

when, what, whom, whisper.

you, year, yeoman, youth, beyond.

* In the formations of *r, s,* and *z,* the contact of the tongue and palate is not completed. † *trilled.* ‡ *untrilled.*

A very common error in regard to the vowels is not only frequent among the uneducated, but also exists among those who should know better. They continue to carelessly distort and corrupt some of the most musical sounds in the English language. Instances are many, but the few following selections will suffice to put the student on his guard :—

head*id* instead of head*ed*.

ketch instead of catch.

s*ic*h instead of s*uc*h.

Even many public speakers fall into the careless habit of omitting the aspirate, not only at the commencement of a word where it is employed, but in single and compound words as *when*, *what*, *whom*, *who*, *bareheaded*, *behold*, *behave*, etc. With few exceptions the letter *h* is always aspirated. To enable readers to thoroughly understand the definition of an aspirate, the following is appended for their instruction. Hold the back of the hand before and about three or four inches from the mouth, and repeat words such as those previously mentioned. If successful the breath will be felt against the hand, but not if the aspirate is omitted. The aspirate is a light expulsion of breath and should not be too vehement.

The article *the* is slurred when it precedes an aspirate or consonant; but retains its full sound before a vowel or non-aspirate. Those who feel

conscious of error in regard to this misplaced letter, and who desire information of the exact pronunciation of the article, will do well to learn by heart the following exercises :—

The hour, thě kind, thě house.
Thě horse, the inn, the honourable.
The art, thě heart, thě happiest.
Thě home, the honest, thě kindmost.
Up a high hill he heaved a heavy stone.
Handsome Harry of Highgate Hill.
Honest Henry Hamilton.
Behold thě horse's horny hoof.
Eating haricot beans.
He studied high art.

Another fault prominent among persons of affectation is the adoption of the sound of *w* in place of the trilled consonant *r*. *Very* is by them pronounced *vevy*; *rather*, *wather*; *ring*, *wing*; and many other words are made to suffer through their senseless vanity. The letter *r* is an articulative sound of which there are two kinds. The first is called the *trilled*, and is formed by the tip of the tongue vibrating against the gums of the upper teeth, while, at the same time, there is a very slight expulsion of breath. The second is called the *untrilled*, or *smooth r*, and is formed with the tongue turned towards the roof of the mouth.

When preceding a vowel the letter should be trilled, as in *roll*, *rush*, *rash*, *brush*, *crush*; but when

it follows a vowel, as in *air, fair, orb, urn*, it should be smooth.

Still more errors are observable in the conversation of certain persons in the form of almost entire omission of the dental consonant *t* in words ending with *ts*. Example—*insists* is pronounced *insis'*, *consists*, *consis'*, etc. The way to eradicate this evil, if it exists in the habits of the student, is to pronounce at first the words *consist, insist*, without the sibilant (*s*), and then in the completed words adding it quickly without a too hissing sound.

Another mistake requiring attention is the omission of the sound of *g* in the words *coming, going, doing, pleading*, causing them to be sounded as *comin', goin', doin', pleadin'*, and *nothing* as *nothink*. The student should, while giving the vowel its full sound, take care to give to the consonants a clear and sharp pronunciation. It is the consonant sounds which are mainly subservient to articulation; hence the necessity to exercise the repetition of such sounds, especially those that are found to be difficult to the articulative organs. The sound of the consonant is modified by the position of the tongue, palate, lips, and teeth; and by the degree in which the air is permitted to pass between them or through the nasal passages in the act of articulation. It should be thoroughly understood that distinctness of articulation depends considerably upon the manner in which the consonants are rendered. The element of audibility is the pure, well-sustained vowel; the

element of distinctness is the firm, clearly articulated consonant ; and in reciting both elements should be combined.

Where a word ends, and the next begins with the same or allied consonant, a difficulty or carelessness of utterance arises which can be remedied by the student dwelling not too long on the final consonant, and instantly giving a sharp, clear sound to the other which begins the next word. The following exercises are illustrations of the allied and coalescent sounds :

“ A great *terror* often exists.”

“(A great error often exists.)”

“ A languid *dame*.”

“(A languid aim.)”

“ He built him an *ice* house.”

“(He built him a nice house.)”

“ He could pain *nobody*.”

“(He could pay nobody.)”

CHAPTER V.

MODULATION.

THIS is one of the most important branches of elocution. Nothing gives greater pleasure to an audience than a well-regulated and expressive modulation. It means the transition from one key to another. This change is sometimes made to an immediate key ; and at other times an abrupt transition to a distant key is necessary to produce the desired effect. It is generally attended with a change of force or time, according to the emotions inspired by the subject. It teaches the proper adaptation of the tones of the voice to the character of the matter delivered ; and its office is to mark changes of sentiment, train of thought, and parenthetical clauses ; every change being accompanied by changes of tone and time.

Nature has adapted a peculiar tone to every passion and feeling that we at different times express ; and the student to be successful in expressing these feelings will have to devote considerable study and practice towards that end, so that the voice will readily accommodate itself to the sentiment desired.

The speaking voice is capable of assuming three keys, viz. :—the low, the high, and the middle.

THE LOW TONE

falls below the usual speaking key, and is used in expressing fear, caution, sorrow, sadness, secrecy, dejection, despair, and solemnity.

THE MIDDLE TONE

is that used in ordinary conversation and common discourse, narrative, and reflection.

THE HIGH TONE

rises above the usual speaking voice, and expresses rage, triumph, and other strong emotions.

In conjunction with modulation, and the three kinds of voice described, are three inflections; the rising, the falling, and the compound. The rising inflection is generally used at that part of a sentence which is intended to convey to the listener the knowledge that the *sense* is incomplete. The falling inflection shows that the sense is completed. The compound or circumflexion is a combination of the rising and falling inflections, and is used in expressions of irony, contempt, reproach, sneering, and marked antithesis.

EXERCISES ON THE INFLECTIONS.

The rising inflections ('), are followed by the falling (').

"Does he deserve famé or blamè?"

"Did he act properly or improperly?"

"Should we say yés or nò?"

"Does he mean gesturé or jestèr?"

"Does he read distinctly or indistinctly?"

* * * *

The falling inflections followed by the rising :—

"He deserves blamè, not famé."

"He acted properly, not improperly."

"We should say yès, not nò."

"He means gesturé, not jestér."

"He reads distinctly, not indistinctly."

* * * *

The compound inflection (˘), (˘).

"I couldn't treat a dōg ill."

"Hath a dog money? is it possible a cur can lend
three thousand ducats?"

"They tell us to be moderate, but they, they are
to wallow in profusion."

"Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud."

The voice must not be allowed to fall at the end of every line unless the sense of the sentence is completed; neither allow it to rise to too high a pitch when it ends with a note of interrogation. Care should be taken to avoid the sing-song style of repeating rhyme, and the jerky, broken form of utterance.

"'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear."

CHAPTER VI.

TIME.

THIS is an element of importance in modulation, and is also closely connected with expression, as the rapidity or slowness of delivery must be in accordance with the nature of the feeling expressed. Rate of movement should be such as the sentiment demands. It may be considered under three heads ; quick, moderate, and slow. Quick rate is used to express joy, raillery, mirth, violent anger, and excited conditions generally.

Moderate rate concerns narrative, description, argument, and unimpassioned speech.

Slow rate expresses awe, dignity, deliberation, grief, and solemn discourse.

A slow delivery—not according to personal defects, but to elocutionary requirements—adds weight to language, and affords great assistance to the voice by the rests, or pauses, which it enables it to make. It must not be too slow, or it will become wearisome to the listener ; neither must it be too quick, or the audience will have but a confused idea of the subject.

THE PAUSE.

No precise rules can be laid down for the management of the pause in elocution. Its chief use is to assist the student in ascertaining the grammatical construction of a sentence ; and the use of it depends on the nature of the subject, and the judgment of the reciter. A particular pause is required after, and before, any word which it is intended to render peculiarly emphatic. This is called the emphatic pause, as, "O Death!—where is thy sting? O Grave—where is thy victory?" Its common use is to allow the reciter time to take breath, as well as to relieve his auditors from a continuity of sound.

The grammatical pauses are those used in composition, such as the comma, semi-colon, colon, and the period. The rule recommended by various teachers to pupils to mentally count "one, two, three and four," to these respective marks of punctuation, I do not entirely accord with ; for the reason that a learner will cultivate a style of mechanical counting, and forget altogether the natural demands of his essays. The divisions of time are judged by the various degrees of feeling ; and the use of the rhetorical pause must be left to the artistic perception of the elocutionist.

CHAPTER VII.

EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS is that stress of the voice laid on a certain word or words to which a particular meaning is attached. In animated conversation, a speaker rarely fails to give the correct emphasis. The reason for this correct emphasis being given by a person who may be ignorant of the rules of elocution, is that he is imbued with the life of thought and self-understanding, and *feels* the depth of his subject.

The student should sacredly study the author's meaning and endeavour to speak the language as if it were his own. But he must be cautioned against a too frequent use of emphasis, as its object is to draw attention to some particular point of the subject, by selecting the words which convey the idea of the writer. The advice given to me some years ago by the late Professor Plumtre, of King's College, was to the effect that nouns and verbs should be emphasised, and that adverbs should be slurred.

There are two kinds of emphasis; emphasis of sense, and emphasis of force. The first is that

which indicates the meaning of the sentence, and being transferred from word to word, has power to change and vary the particular sense, thus :—

“Did you walk home *to-day* ?”

“Did you walk *home* to-day ?”

“Did you *walk* home to-day ?”

“Did *you* walk home to-day ?”

Emphasis of force is used to add force to a particular idea or expression ; not because the sense or meaning intended is necessary, but because the force of one's own feeling dictates it.

Examples :—

“Could you be so cruel ? *I am surprised !*”

“Could you be so cruel ? *So very cruel.*”

ACCENT.

This is a stress of voice laid on a syllable, or syllables, of a word to distinguish it from the rest. The only sure guide to it is reference to a good dictionary.

Words varied by accent :—

“Desèrt us not in the désert.”

“My ìncrease serves but to ìncrease your wealth.”

“Did you abstràct from my desk the àbstract of the speech I made ?”

The accent is sometimes carried from one syllable to another to mark a contrast of meaning :—“For this corruptible must put on *incorruption*, and this *mortal* must put on *immortality*.”

There is an accent which principally relates to the reading of verse, and is called the accent of rhythm, often observable in orations; particularly those of Demosthenes and Cicero. It is laid upon monosyllables to assist in forming the rhythm of a sentence, and is allied to emphasis in so far as it shifts in accordance with the assumed importance of words; but has no further relation. Primary and secondary accents should be used with judgment, and particular care taken to place the stress of voice on the chief syllable.

PARENTHESIS.

This is an interruption of the sense of the main sentence, and has its commencement and continuance indicated by a change to a somewhat lower tone of voice, and a quicker movement; and the close of it is marked by a return to the same pitch which immediately preceded the parenthesis.

Example—"Gentlemen, if I make out this case by evidence—and if I do not, forget everything you have heard, and reproach me for daring to abuse your honest feelings—I shall have established a claim for damages that has no parallel."—ERSKINE.

CHAPTER VIII.

GESTURE.

NO one will deny that graceful and appropriate gesture on the part of the elocutionist adds to the force of his delivery. It cannot be taught by written instructions, so it will be advisable for the student to obtain a few lessons from an experienced instructor; as by the personal attention bestowed upon him he will gain more ease, grace, and force, than he ever would by anything that was written for his guidance. The following hints will not be worthless if students will only study and practise them with the smallest degree of intelligence.

The body should be kept erect, and the right foot be in advance of the left, with the toes turned a little outward, while the body should be sustained by the left foot, or *vice versa*. The attitude of the elocutionist should not be like that of the affected dancing-master, which is adapted to springing agility and conceited display. The sustaining foot should be planted firmly; the leg braced, but not contracted, and the knee straightened, while the other foot and limb should press lightly and be relaxed—

except in very energetic delivery, where both limbs should be braced.

The trunk of the body should be well balanced, and sustained erect upon the supporting limb, except in such instances as require its inclination, as veneration, supplication, etc.

The changes of the position of the feet should be made with the utmost simplicity; while the head should be held in an erect position, and its movements directed by the character of the delivery.

The arm, the forearm, the hand and the fingers, form—as Cicero calls it—“the weapon of the orator.” The centre of motion of this compound instrument is the shoulder. The least motion is that made by the upper part of the arm; and the greatest, that made by the hand; consequently the gestures of the latter are most effective. The stroke of the hand is analogous to the emphasis of the voice; and they should both fall at the same time on the accented syllable of the emphatic word.

In the simple and narrative parts of a subject, there is little effort or variety of expression in the voice. Under the same circumstances gesture should be quiet and simple; but in the more impassioned parts, both should be equally exerted.

Gesture in many instances imitates the inflections of the voice. When it rises, the gesture naturally ascends; and when the voice makes the falling inflection, or lowers its pitch, the gesture follows it by a corresponding descent.

But after all, personal instruction and observation are the best guides ; and if the student possesses sufficient intelligence, and is actuated by the feelings of his conception, he will very rarely err.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE COUNTENANCE.

THE importance of facial expression must not be overlooked. It tells the emotions of the mind and what the speaker feels; and should he betray no feeling in his face, it is evident there is none in his heart. It is impossible to lay down rules as to how one should look to represent every sentiment; and it must be left to the pupil who possesses sensitiveness in respect to dramatic effect to instruct himself. The following definitions of the passions may probably assist those who care to study them.

THE PASSIONS.

Fear causes the body to shrink back, the eyes to open to their full extent, the breathing shortens, the mouth half opens, the face becomes pale, the limbs tremble, the voice spasmodically affected, and the hands, with fingers slightly bent, brought almost level with the shoulders.

Anger is a passion excited by injury committed either on ourselves or others, with a desire to retaliate. The limbs quiver, the eyebrows are knit, the eyes flash with light, the nostrils are distended,

the breathing slightly labours, while the hands are clenched and held almost to the waist.

Revenge finds utterance in loud and quick tones when violent, but in low and slow tones when it is deliberate. It causes the eye to flash, and the body to slightly lean forward, while the breast heaves, and the hands are clenched.

Pity is a compound of love and grief, and the emotions are expressed in slow and plaintive utterances.

Grief is distress of mind, caused by misfortune, injury, loss, or other cause of suffering. When carried to excess it is expressed in loud tones, while the features are at times distorted.

Joy shows itself by rising a degree above cheerfulness—the quick-glancing eye, the glowing smile, the energy of gesture, all show its characteristics.

Courage is marked by a loud and lively utterance, the tone is clear and unhesitating, the countenance bright and fearless, the head held erect, and the hand raised as if in defiance of threatening danger.

Jealousy clouds its forehead, and the eyes gleam with a fierce light from beneath the knit brows, while the nostrils distend, and the corners of the mouth are drawn down.

Remorse requires a low pitch of voice and subdued utterance ; in its outward expression the face wears a look of dejection, and the voice is mingled with sighs.

Scorn finds expression in loud and slow tones ; the

words on which emphasis is laid being drawn out as if the tongue were loth to part with them.

The knowledge and accomplishment of the foregoing are left to the student's study and practice.

" A single look more marks the eternal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthened oh !
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes.
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
All the passions, all the *soul* is there."

* * * *

All the intelligence of the student must be called into play while studying, and during the rendering of a piece. The feeling, or that which is felt, must be resolved into ideas, thoughts, and images. The greater the intelligence employed in thinking out the various parts, so much the greater chance of success is there when those matured ideas are communicated to an audience.

Let the student imbue himself with an earnest resolve to *think* and to *do*; for earnestness is most essential in the character of a reciter.

CHAPTER X.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

THE power of the public speaker is indisputable. The truth of this is verified almost hourly—at the street corner, on the common, in the park, and in the Houses of Parliament, the subtle magnetism of the man of eloquence is readily felt by attentive listeners and enthusiastic applauders. The power of engaging attention and creating enthusiasm lies in the logical display of the technicalities of rhetoric. The gifted speaker naturally effects his aim by his inward knowledge and the use of it; and by repeated exploits in the arena of speech he gains that power over the minds of his fellow-beings that is denied to many in other branches of art. No power is so great or so well worth possessing as that which exercises sole control over the minds of others. To influence their minds, to lead their wills captive, and to guide their thoughts, are the aspirations of a speaker who is possessed of nobleness of mind, and when he achieves any of these his success is assured.

Eloquence is the reigning power of the world. The orator has been the presiding genius over every

great movement. It is he who has kindled genuine enthusiasm, determined the abolition of abuses, and, unfortunately, roused the demon of strife—the man of deeds is of importance, but the man of words is of far greater consequence. But for him the man of deeds would never have exerted himself; would never even have thought of exerting himself. The much-quoted aphorism “Speech is silvern and silence golden” does not apply here. In some cases individually it is true enough, but in how many cases is it proved that speech is strength and silence weakness? Hand-in-hand with power goes fame, and to become famous in their own spheres is the desire of all earnest thinking men. In a measure fame is the reward of the public speaker—and power and fame are the inducements to the study of public speaking. When eloquence is mentioned to the ordinary individual he is apt to ignore the importance of the remark, or else in his rough, untutored nature, he conceives it to be a certain trick of speech: “Give me sense,” says he, “and keep your eloquence for the devil!” Well, probably some of us will require the sacred spirit of oratory to keep us beyond the clutches of His Satanic Majesty!

Certainly to be truly eloquent is to speak to the purpose, and whenever a man speaks or writes he is supposed to have some end in view; to inform, to amuse, or to persuade his fellow-creatures; and he who succeeds in accomplishing his object is the most eloquent. Eloquence is the outcome of natural

ability ; and nature teaches every man to be eloquent when he is much in earnest.

The aspirant to public honours must possess naturally several qualifications, or he can never hope to attain any degree of eminence. Abbé Bautain, in his work "Extempore Speaking," lays it down as a first necessary qualification that a speaker should have a "lively sensibility," by which is meant a capacity for being readily impressed by every circumstance and feeling. But all men are not alike. "One speaker," adds Bautain, "is more sensitive to set forth ideas, their connections, and their gradations." He discerns perfectly the congruity, the difference, the contrast of thoughts, and thus he will deliver them suddenly with much facility, delicacy, subtilty, and will therefore enunciate it gracefully and clearly. Such a one is made to teach and instruct.

Another has a greater enjoyment of everything relating to soft or strong emotions. He will cause the fibres of the heart to vibrate. Such a one will be an orator rather than a teacher, and will be better able to persuade by emotion than to convince by reason.

A third delights by images and pictures. He will speak to the imagination of his hearers rather than to their hearts ; he will affect but little, and instruct still less ; but he will be able to amuse and interest.

In these different instances we see that sensibility is vividly excited either by ideas, by feelings, or by images : and it is evident that he who would ex-

temporise a discourse in one of these three methods must begin by feeling vividly the subject of which he has to speak.

Common sense must be predominant in all that the speaker utters. To him it is of vital importance, prompting him as it does, as to the ideas that should be brought forward, what words to be used, and what figures and illustrations are in good taste. Earnestness, as in the case of an actor, is an essential feature. The merest semblance of it is often more of assistance to his cause than the most mighty argument; as sometimes the emotions of an audience can be reached when their intellects cannot. This brings to the surface an anecdote of the Church and Stage series. Betterton, an actor, was asked by the then Bishop of London, how it was actors could move whole audiences to tears while all the time they knew it was only acting: he replied, "My lord, it is because *we are in earnest*. You deliver truth as if it were a fiction; we deliver fiction like truth!"

The imagination must be cultivated so that it will enable the speaker to express himself readily when a new thought arises; in fact, to put the picture into words without hesitation.

In conjunction with imagination is what M. Bautain describes as "Expansiveness of Character"; and he explains it as follows: "When we perceive, or think we perceive, a truth, the mind partakes of its expansive force, and experiences the desire of announcing to others what it knows itself, and of

making them see what it sees. . . . A keen and intelligent mind, which seeks truth, seizes it quickly, and conceives it clearly, is more eager than another to communicate what it knows ; and if, along with this, such a mind loves glory, it will be impelled the more towards public speaking, and more capable of exercising the power of eloquence."

To become successful the speaker must lay in a good stock of general knowledge ; and he must be prepared to talk well on any subject. He can never hope to dilate well and earnestly on given topics unless he has made himself master of them ; and he must have more than a slight acquaintance with the world, and be able to read with critical eye the innermost parts of human nature. He must become familiar with general literature and study the elegance and eloquence of our greatest writers. The verses of the most musical poets should be committed to memory and recited and analysed during moments of leisure, as it is a most agreeable and profitable practice. This memorising of poetry brings with it a knowledge of the harmony of language, and a closer relationship with the intellects of the world.

Logic must of necessity form one of the principal studies of the speaker, for though he may naturally possess it, yet it must be cultivated to the utmost. "I would," says a writer on the subject, "have persons who are intended for public speaking follow a course of logic rather practical than theoretic, in which the mind should be vigorously trained to the division and

combination of ideas upon interesting and instructive topics. These exercises should be written or oral. Sometimes it should be a dissertation on a point of literature, morals, or history, and a habit should be acquired of composing with order and method, by pointing out, in proportion as the student proceeded, the several parts of the discourse, the steps of development, and the means of proof—in a word, whatever serves to treat a subject suitably. . . .

I am convinced that young men who thus occupied themselves during a year or two in turning over and handling a variety of subjects, in stirring up a multiplicity of ideas, and who should, with a view to this, write and speak a great deal, always with order, with method, and under good guidance, would become able thinkers, and, if endowed with high intelligence, would become men mighty in word or in deed, or in both together, according to their capacity, character, and nature."

Upon the matter of meditation, which is one of the secrets of power, Mr. Gladstone wrote the following to a correspondent: "Speaking from my own experience, I think that the public men of England are beyond all others engrossed by the multitudes of cares and subjects of thought belonging to a diversified empire, and therefore are probably less than others qualified either to impart to others the best methods of preparing public discourses, or to consider and adopt them for themselves. Supposing, however, I were to make the attempt, I should certainly found

myself on a *double basis*, compounded as follows: First, of a wide and general education, which, I think, gives a suppleness and readiness, as well as a firmness of tissue, to the mind, not easily obtained without this form of discipline; and, secondly, of the habit of *constant and searching reflection on the subject* of any proposed discourse. Such reflection will naturally clothe itself in words, and of the phrases it supplies many will spontaneously rise to the lips."

The aspirant should accustom himself to conveying his sentences to paper, so as to relieve himself of any style of slovenliness. Sentences he would readily utter with his tongue he would hesitate to put on paper with his pen. This exercise must not be taken up by fits and starts, but resolutely persevered with. When about to engage in publicly ventilating his views on any given subject, he should begin by thinking the matter over in his mind; collecting his ideas; forming a plan for himself; setting it down in writing; and finally consulting authorities to see how they have dealt with it. But this transferring of thoughts to paper does not mean that to write well one must first know how to speak. In point of fact many of our most able writers are very commonplace when taking the *rôle* of public speaker. The reason suggested for their failure as speakers is that their imagination becomes blurred through allowing the mind to become too excited in the presence of others; or too much reserve.

The chief point in a discourse is unity of design. Everything should revolve round the idea of the discourse ; there should be some definite point to be arrived at, and every word uttered should lead the listener nearer to it. If there should be any appearance of slovenliness in the arrangement of the argument, it will become incoherent, and, consequently, all point will be lost. Addison says : "Irregularity and want of method are only supportable in men of great learning or genius, who are often too full to be exact ; and, therefore, choose to throw down their pearls in heaps before their readers, rather than be at the pains of stringing them."

When a discourse has been planned it will be found more often than not, that upon analysis of its parts, different thoughts will arise out of each head, so that it must be the method of the speaker to arrange his ideas under each heading, and present the most logical to his hearers.

The style of language to be adopted should be in keeping with his own character and that of his audience. He must not "talk like a book," because the difference between writing and speaking is very wide. Books are built up with precision, correctness, repetitions avoided, and language completely polished ; while speaking is less fettered by rule, giving more scope for an easy, copious style. Professor Masson ably draws the distinction between the styles requisite for writing and speaking, and herein I summarise his remarks on the subject. "Conversa-

tion," he says, "is one thing, public speaking another, and writing a third. When a man talks with his friend, he is led on but by a few trains of association, and finds a straggling style natural for his purpose; when he speaks in public, the wheels of thought glow, the associative processes by which he advances become more complex, and hence the role, cadence, the precipitous burst; and lastly, when he writes, still other conditions of thought come into action, and there arises the elaborate sentence, winding like a rivulet through the meadow of his subject. A man, too, in a state of excitement talks in vivid language, and even sets his words to a rough natural music, his voice swelling or trembling with its burden, though falling short of song. But in the literary repetition of a scene, nature suggests a new set of properties, answering to the entire difference between the mind in the primary and the mind in the secondary attitude; and a literal report would be found to be as much out of place as a literal copy in painting.

A fault among some speakers is the use of words far above the comprehension of their audiences. This is not true eloquence. No language is better understood by the masses than that which contains the greater amount of Saxon. Archbishop Whately remarks that, "The vulgar require a perspicuous, but by no means a dry and *unadorned* style; on the contrary, they have a taste rather for the tawdry and bombastic." Care must be taken not to make the sentences too long; or, if they are made long,

let them be of the plainest language so that the sense can be readily grasped.

Avoid any expression that is considered vulgar and unsuitable to the dignity of the subject; for the speaker must remember that he aims not for the amusement of his hearers, but for their conviction or persuasion.

Finally, the attention of the would-be speaker is called to an important factor in his adopted study, and that is elocution. There is no branch of study requiring more anxious devotion, and at which he should work more diligently. The time devoted to this twin-art will reap its own reward, for, to quote Quintilian, "A very indifferent speech, well delivered, will have a greater effect than the best, if destitute of that advantage."

STUDIES FOR EXERCISE.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

(1) *To be, or not to be*; || (2) *that is the question*: ||
(3) Whether 'tis *nobler* in the mind | to *suffer* the
slings and *arrows* of *outrageous* fortune, | or to *take*
arms against a *sea* of troubles, and | by *opposing* |
end them? || (4) To *die*: || to *sleep*; || no *more*; | and, |
by a *sleep* | to say we *end* the *heartache* and the
thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to, || (5) 'tis
a consummation *devoutly to be wished*. || (6) To *die*, ||
to *sleep*; || to SLEEP: || perchance to DREAM: || (7) ay,
there's the *rub*; | For | in *that* sleep of death what
dreams may come when we have shuffled off this
mortal coil, | *must* give us pause. || (8) There's the
respect that makes *calamity* of *so long life*; | For *who*
would bear the *whips* and *scorns* of time, | the
oppressor's wrong, | the *proud* man's *contumely*, | the
pangs of *disprized* love, | the law's delay, | the *in-*
solence of office, | and the *spurns* that *patient merit* of
the *unworthy* takes, | when he *himself* might his
quietus make with a *bare bodkin*? || Who would
fardels bear, | to *groan* and *sweat* under a weary life,
-*fat*ut that the *dread* of *something after* death, || that

undiscovered country | from whose bourne *no* traveller returns || puzzles the will, | and makes us rather bear those ills we *have* | than fly to *others* we know not of? || (9) Thus *conscience* does make *cowards* of us all; | and thus the native hue of *resolution* is sicklied o'er with the *pale cast* of *thought*; | and enterprises of great *pith* and *moment* | with *this* regard. | their currents turn awry, | and *lose* the *name* of *action*.

(1) Reflective manner. (2) Emphatic. (3) Meditative and more volume in tone at "take arms," etc. (4) Slow. (5) Quicker. (6) Slightly heavy tone. (7) Lighter. (8) Moderate time, with due attention to emphasis and inflexion. (9) Emphatic in quality of tone and in quality of emphasis; moderate time.

| Signifies a very slight pause. || Slightly longer.
||| Longer still.

SMITING THE ROCK.

1. THE stern old judge | in *relentless* mood, |
2. Glanced at the two | who before him stood; |
3. She was bowed | and *haggard* | and old, |
4. He was young | and *defiant* | and bold, |
5. Mother and son | and | to gaze at the pair, |
6. Their *different* attitudes | look | and air, |
7. One would believe | ere the truth were known, |
8. The mother convicted | and | not | the son. ||

The student must obtain a thorough insight to the characters of this little piece. They are not many, and that is the reason I have selected it for exercise. It gives scope for a little "character" effort, viz:—in delineating the judge, the mother, and the son. It is important that the apparently opposing traits of the judge be well studied, as the conflicting emotions which they naturally give rise to, require to be given with a due regard to their significance. The son is not *absolutely* hard-hearted or he would not have turned on those in court in the manner that he did.

Line 1. Severe tone, middle rate, articulate well dental consonants. *Relentless*, not *relentless*. 2. Slightly quicker, lighter tone. 3. Slower, and sympathetically descriptive. *And haggard*, not *an' daggered*. 4. Slightly quicker, and bolder in tone and air. *And defiant*, not *an' defiant*. 5-8. Slower, to a slightly quicker rate. The voice suspensive until the 8th line, which should be given slower, with falling inflexion on "son."

9. There was the mother, | the boy stood nigh |
 10. With a *shameless* look | and *his head held high*. ||
 11. Age | had come over her, | sorrow | and care, |
 12. These mattered but little | so he was there, |
 13. A prop to her years | and a light to her eyes, |
 14. And prized | as only a mother can prize. |
 15. But | what for him | could a mother say, |
 16. Waiting his doom | on a sentence day? ||

These lines require a varied descriptive manner; emotional, principally. Describe the bravado-like attitude of the prisoner in line 10. Take care of the alliterative sentence in this line. 11, 12. Slowly, with feeling in voice. 13, 14. Brighter, with a tinge of expectant pride in voice. 15, 16. An expression of subdued horror through these two lines.

17. *Her husband had died* | in his shame | and sin, |
 18. And she a widow, | her living to win, |
 19. Had toiled | and struggled | *from morn to night*, |
 20. Making with want | a wearisome fight, |
 21. Bent over her work | with resolute zeal, |
 22. Till she felt her old frame | totter and reel, |
 23. Her weak hands tremble | her eyes grow dim, |
 24. But || she had her boy | and | she toiled for him. |

17. Let this line be given with a strict regard to emphasis which tells of the *cause* of her widowhood. 18-23. Middle rate; give effect to those lines telling of the resoluteness, the tottering frame, and the dimming eyes. 24. Slight assumption of gleeful pride and thankfulness; emphasise last sentence.

25. And he, || he stood | in the criminal dock, |

26. With a heart | as hard | as a flinty rock, |
 27. An impudent glance | and | a reckless air |
 28. Braving the scorn | of the gazers there ; |
 29. Dipped in crime | and | encompassed round
 30. With proof of his guilt | by captors found, |
 31. Ready to stand | as he phrased it | "game," |
 32. Holding not crime | but | penitence | shame. ||

25. True dramatic descriptive power must be given in this line. 26. A change to the description of the prisoner's carriage must take place here, while lines 27-30 must be given with a certain superficiality depicting the outward callousness of the prisoner. 31, 32, bolder.

33. Poured in a flood | o'er the mother's cheek, |
 34. The moistening prayer | where the tongue was
 weak, |
 35. And she saw | through the mist | of those bitter
 tears, |
 36. Only the child | in his innocent years ; |
 37. She remembered him pure | as a child might be, |
 38. The guilt of the present | she could not see ; |
 39. And | for mercy | her wistful looks made prayer, |
 40. To the stern | old judge | in his cushioned chair. ||

33-35. These lines should be given with a slight appreciation of the "vale of tears." Slow time, and, now and then, a break in the voice. Commencing line 35, a reflective manner should be adopted, and correct emphasis, with sympathetic reflection, given to line 36. 37. Still carry on reflective manner, and in line 38 resume the description of the shuddering present. 39, 40. Describe the wistful appeal of the mother, changing to a sterner tone in line 40.

41. "Woman," | the old judge crabbedly said, |
 42. "Your boy | is the neighbourhood's plague | and
 dread ; |
 43. Of a gang of reprobates | chosen chief, |
 44. *An idler* | and rioter, | ruffian | and thief, |
 45. The jury did right, | for the facts were plain, |
 46. Denial is idle, | excuses are vain ; |
 47. The sentence the court imposes | is one | —"
 48. "Your honour, | oh ! don't, | he's my only son." ||

41. Now here is one trait of the judge's—the judicial—which must be given in a stern and hard manner. "The old judge," etc., is to be given as a parenthesis. *Crabbedly*, not *crabbudly*. Continue the unsympathetic tones of the judge to line 47. Then break into quicker time, with emotion in voice, into line 48, throwing a world of meaning into "he's my only son."

49. The constables grinned | at the words *she* spoke, |
 50. And a ripple *of fun* | through the courtroom
 broke, |
 51. But o'er the face | of the culprit came |
 52. An angry look | and a shadow of shame. |
 53. "Don't laugh at my mother !" | loud cries he, |
 54. "You've got me fast | and | can deal with me, |
 55. But *she's* too good | for your coward jeers, |
 56. And I'll——" || then his utterance | choked | with
 tears. ||

49, 50. These lines must be given in a manner more denoting the light and shade of the scene than the actual realisation of it. 51. In this line a sudden change takes

place o'er the demeanour of the reciter as he endeavours to realise the angry look, and almost shouts—in line 53—with dramatic force “Don’t laugh,” etc. Mind the voice drops at “loud cries he”—then resume with vigour and continue until “And I’ll,” when suddenly break off and conclude line 56 with broken utterances.

57. The judge | for a moment | bent his head, |
 58. And looked at him keenly, | and | then | he said, ||
 59. “We suspend the sentence. || The boy can go.” |
 60. And the words were tremulous, | forced, | and
 low. |
 61. “But | stay!” || and he raised his finger then, |
 62. “Don’t let them bring you | hither again. |
 63. There is something good in you yet, | I know, |
 64. I’ll give you a chance, || make the best of it. | Go!” ||

Intimate by a slight lowering of the head, and a more deliberate utterance in a lower key, the perceptive and effective qualities of the judge. 59. In a more sympathetic strain, tremulously. 60. Slightly quicker, and voice lower. 61. Forced imperativeness; cautionary. 62. In a tone of admonition. 63. With a shade of emotion. 64. A resumption of judicial tone, at least on the surface, because the emotional side of the judge has been touched.

65. The twain went forth, | and the old judge said, |
 66. “I meant to have given him a year | instead. |
 67. And perhaps | ’tis a difficult thing to tell |
 68. If clemency here | be ill | or well. |
 69. But | a rock was struck | in that callous heart |
 70. From which | a fountain of good | may start; |

71. For one | on the ocean of crime | long tossed |
72. Who loves his mother | is not | quite lost."

65. Quiet descriptive manner. 66. Quietly reflective, yet tinged with emotion, which is to be more feelingly expressed as the student progresses with the lines. 69 to 72. In stronger tones, conveying real cause of clemency shown to prisoner. Last line to be given with feeling and emphasis.

THE BALLAD OF THE *CLAMPHERDOWN*.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

*Reprinted from "Barrack Room Ballads," by kind permission of the
Author and Messrs. Methuen and Co.*

IT was our war-ship *Clampherdown*
Would sweep the Channel clean,
Wherefore she kept her hatches close,
When the merry Channel chops arose,
To save the bleached marine.

She had one bow-gun of a hundred ton,
And a great stern-gun beside;
They dipped their noses deep in the sea,
They racked their stays and stanchions free
In the wash of the wind-whipped tide.

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*
Fell in with a cruiser light
That carried the dainty Hotchkiss gun
And a pair of heels wherewith to run
From the grip of a close-fought fight.

She opened fire at seven miles—
As ye shoot at a bobbing cork—
And once she fired, and twice she fired,
Till the bow-gun drooped like a lily tired
That lolls upon the stalk.

"Captain, the bow-gun melts apace,
The deck-beams break below ;
'Twere well to rest for an hour or twain,
And botch the shattered plates again."
And he answered, " Make it so."

She opened fire within a mile—
As ye shoot at a flying duck—
And the great stern-gun shot fair and true,
With the heave of the ship to the stainless blue,
And the great stern-turret struck.

" Captain, the turret fills with steam,
The feed-pipes burst below ;
You can hear the hiss of the helpless ram,
You can hear the twisted runners jam."
And he answered, " Turn and go."

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*,
And grimly did she roll :
Swung round to take the cruiser's fire
As the white whale faces the thresher's ire
When they war by the frozen Pole.

" Captain, the shells are falling fast,
And faster still fall we ;
And it is not meet for English stock
To bide in the heart of an eight-day clock
The death they cannot see."

“Lie down, lie down, my bold A.B.,
 We drift upon her beam ;
 We dare not ram, for she can run ;
 And dare ye fire another gun,
 And die in the peeling steam ?”

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*
 That carried an armour-belt ;
 But fifty feet at stern and bow
 Lay bare as the paunch of the purser's sow
 To the hail of the Nordenfeldt.

“Captain, they hack us through and through—
 The chilled steel bolts are swift.
 We have emptied the bunkers in open sea ;
 Their shrapnel bursts where our coal should be.”
 And he answered, “ Let her drift.”

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*.
 Swung round upon the tide ;
 Her two guns glared south and north,
 And the block and the bubbling steam ran forth,
 And she ground the cruiser's side.

“Captain,” they cry, “ the fight is done ;
 They bid you send your sword.”
 And he answered, “ Grapple her stern and bow.
 They have asked for the steel ; they shall have it
 now.
 Out cutlasses and board !”

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*
Spewed up four hundred men,
And the scalded stokers yelled delight
As they rolled in the waist and heard the fight
Stamp o'er their steel-walled pen.

They cleared the cruiser end to end,
From conning tower to hold.
They fought as they fought in Nelson's fleet ;
They were stripped to the waist, they were bare to
the feet,
As it was in the days of old.

It was the sinking *Clampherdown*
Heaved up her battered side,
And carried a million pounds in steel
To the cod and the corpse-fed conger-eel
And the scour of the Channel tide.

It was the crew of the *Clampherdown*
Stood out to sweep the sea
On a cruiser won from an ancient foe,
As it was in the days of long ago,
And as it still shall be.

"THE ANSWER."

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

*Reprinted from "The Seven Seas," by kind permission of the
Author and Messrs. Methuen and Co.*

A ROSE, in tatters on the garden path
Cried out to God and murmured 'gainst His wrath,
Because a sudden wind at twilight's hush
Had snapped her stem alone of all the bush.
And God, who hears both sun-dried dust and sun,
Had pity, whispering to that luckless one :
" Sister, in that thou sayest We did not well—
What voices heardst thou when thy petals fell ?"
And the Rose answered, " In that evil hour
A voice said, ' Father, wherefore falls the flower ?
For lo, the very gossamers are still.'
And a voice answered, ' Son, by Allah's will.'"
Then, softly as a rain-mist on the sward,
Came to the Rose the answer of the Lord :
" Sister, before We smote the dark in twain,
Ere yet the stars saw one another plain,
Time, tide, and space, We bound unto the task,
That thou shouldst fall, and such an one should ask."
Whereat the withered flower, all content,
Died as they die whose days are innocent ;
While he who questioned why the flower fell
Caught hold of God and saved his soul from hell.

CORPORAL DICK'S PROMOTION.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

(By permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

THE Eastern day was well-nigh o'er
When, parched with thirst and travel sore,
Two of McPherson's flanking corps
Across the desert were tramping.
They had wandered off from the beaten track,
And now were wearily harking back,
Ever starting round for the signal jack
That marked their comrades camping.

The one was Corporal Robert Dick,
Bearded and burly, short and thick—
Rough of speech and in temper quick,
A hard-faced old rascalion.
The other, fresh from the barrack square,
Was a raw recruit, smooth-cheeked and fair,
Half-grown, half-drilled, with the weedy air
Of a draft from the home battalion.

Weary and parched and hunger-torn,
They had wandered on from early morn,

And the young boy-soldier limped forlorn,
Now stumbling and now falling.
Around the orange sand-curves lay,
Flanked with boulders, black or grey,
Death-silent, save that far away
A kite was shrilly calling.

A kite? Was *that* a kite? The yell
That shrilly rose and faintly fell?
No kite's, and yet the kite knows well
The long-drawn wild halloo.
And right athwart the evening sky
The yellow sand-spray spurtled high,
And shrill and shriller swelled the cry
Of "Allah! Allahu!"

The Corporal peered at the crimson West,
Hid his pipe in his khaki vest,
Growled an oath and onward pressed,
Still glancing over his shoulder.
"Bedouins, mate!" he curtly said;
"We'll find some work for steal and lead,
And maybe sleep in a sandy bed
Before we're one hour older.

"But just one flutter before we're done:
Stiffen your lip and stand, my son;
We'll take this bloomin' circus on.
Ball-cartridge load! Now, steady!"

With a curse and a prayer the two faced round,
Dogged and grim they stood their ground,
And their breech-blocks snapped with a crisp clean
 sound
As the rifles sprang to the "ready."

Alas! for the Emir Ali Khan!
A hundred paces before his clan,
That ebony steed of the prophet's breed
Is the foal of death and of danger.
A spurt of fire, a gasp of pain,
A bluish blur on the yellow plain—
The chief was down, and his bridle rein
Was in the grip of a stranger.

With the light of hope on his rugged face
The Corporal sprang to the dead man's place;
One prick with the steel, one thrust with the heel,
And where was the man to outride him?
A grip of his knees, a toss of his rein,
He was settling her down to her gallop again
When he stopped, for he heard just one faltering
 word
From the young recruit beside him.

One faltering word from pal to pal,
But it found the heart of the Corporal;
He had sprung to the sand, he had lent him a hand:
"Up, mate! They'll be 'ere in a minute; .

Off with you! No palaver! Go!
I'll bide be'ind and run this show,
Promotion has been cursèd slow,
And this is my chance to win it."

Into the saddle he thrust him quick,
Spurred the black mare with the bayonet prick,
Watched her gallop with plunge and with kick
Away o'er the desert careering.
Then he turned with a softened face,
And loosened the strap of his cartridge-case;
While his thoughts flew back to the dear old place
In the sunny Hampshire clearing.

The young boy-private, glancing back,
Saw the Bedouins' wild attack,
And heard the sharp Martini crack.
But as he gazed, already
The fierce fanatic Arab band
Were closing in on every hand,
Until one tawny swirl of sand
Concealed them in its eddy.

* * * *

A squadron of British Horse that night,
Galloping hard in the shadowy night,
Came on the scene of that last stern fight,
And found the Corporal lying
Silent and grim on the trampled sand,
His rifle grasped in his stiffened hand,
With the warrior pride of one who dies
'Mid a ring of the dead and dying.

And still when twilight shadows fall,
After the evening bugle call,
In bivouac or in barrack-hall,
His comrades speak of the Corporal,
His death and his devotion.
And there are some who like to say,
That perhaps a hidden meaning lay
In the words he spoke, and that the day
When his rough bold spirit passed away
Was the day that he won promotion.

THE NEW VICTORIA CROSS!

SIX POPULAR RECITALS OF
"ENGLAND'S HEROES TOILING DAY BY DAY."

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

(By the kind permission of the Author.)

THE success of these clever, pithy recitals would be considerably enhanced if appropriate music accompanied the reciter. They are founded on facts of everyday life, and as they appeal to all hearts, they could form an interesting part of any programme.

Mr. Scott says in his Note: "In humbly and respectfully suggesting the gracious institution of a new 'Cross for Valour' as a reward for the many heroes in civilian life who daily risk their lives in the noble and unselfish execution of their duty, it has not been forgotten that already certain prizes and decorations exist to meet these very cases.

"The Albert Medal, occasionally granted by the Board of Trade for very exceptional deeds of personal courage; the Royal Humane Society's Medal for saving life; and the medals granted respectively by the National Lifeboat Institution for seamen, and the London County Council for firemen, are prized, and justly prized, by their recipients; but, after all,

a medal is not a cross, nor has it that priceless value that is attached to the most enviable decoration ever pinned on the breast of a soldier or a sailor. What medal, prize, ribbon, or decoration in the world can be compared to the Iron Cross of Germany, or to the Victoria Cross of England?

“For the heroes in the civilian ranks we plead the best reward for valour—a Cross from the Crown!”

PROLOGUE.

There are men in our dear old England with pluck
of the soldier brave;

There are boys who toil in their ships at sea who
never have ruled the wave.

It isn't alone in the Services that the merits of
England lie;

So I sing, in the name of the men who live, to the
boys who can daily die.

I sing to the lads in the coal-dark mine, whose life is
an hourly grave,

Who shut their ears to the women's tears on the
chance of a “pal” to save.

I sing to the tramp of the men in blue, who waken
when London sleeps,

Who brave the cowardly burglar's shot, and wait
where the suicide creeps.

I sing to the bravest men on earth, so cool when the
crowds are wild,
Who follow the "Fire" through the shrieking
streets and die for a helpless child.

I sing to the men who, in storm and shine, are firm
at the engine's head,
Who drive to doom should the weary sleep, and
charge through the dastard's lead.

And last, here's the gallant lifeboat men ! I'll give as
a parting toast,
Who are ready to die for the men who drown—the
pride of our English coast !

Chorus—

These are the men who can do or die,
These are the boys who save—
Heroes some on our dear old land,
Some on its circling wave !
Thinking how little of life and love—
Nothing of profit or loss.
Ask of our Queen ! She will grant it, lads—
A new Victoria Cross !

THE MINER'S DRAMA.

Have ye heard the news, Mary? Dont'ee look so
skeered !
Johnnie's going down, lass—Johnnie's volunteered !
Down into yon pit's mouth, maybe to his doom,
Sworn to die or save a pal in the miner's tomb.

Dont'ee sob or wail, Mary! Stop the women's cry!
God has mercy on the lads when they dare to die.

Have ye heard the joy, Mary? Saved! and all is well!
Johnnie's coming up, lass! Dont'ee hear the bell?
See! the good old rope's taut, bucket's on the swing;
Cry and laugh together now—make the women sing!
Coming up to bank, Mary, one to you so dear:
Johnnie's got him in his arms—give the lads a cheer!

Chorus—

These are the men who can do or die, *etc., etc.*

THE LAY OF THE MAN IN BLUE.

Whilst the world is sleeping, midnight watch he's
keeping,

'Neath the lamp!

Death and danger scorning, waiting for the morning,

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

Soldiers, sailors armed for battle,

Foes resist!

All *his* weapons, pluck and rattle,

And his fist!

Thus the coward thief he faces,

Into dangers' arms he races,

Faithful! True!

Thus you find him, wounded, lying,

Brave! but unprotected, dying—

Gallant Man in Blue!

When the world is waking, cruel life forsaking,

'Neath the lamp!

See the sad ones shiver, gazing in the river,
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
Soldiers, sailors, arm for lunges
In the strife!
Down into the stream *he* plunges
For a life!
Thus the coward Death he faces
Where the river seaward races.
I and you
Gaze upon a hero's features—
Dead! to save God's saddest creatures.
Faithful Man in Blue!

Chorus—

These are the men who can do or die, *etc., etc.*

THE FIREMAN'S SHOUT.

Over the stones with a race and a rattle,
Gleam on the helmet and horses in foam,
Firemen of London are rushing to battle,
Shouting a pathway for saving a home!
How the crowds cheer for the men who are ready,
Leaping to action when scarlet the sky!
Back there, for God's sake! Steady, boys, steady!
Ready, aye ready, to do or to die!

Hark to the scream there! Quick! Ladder and hatchet!
Hell has its prelude with flames so accurst!
God! how it scorches! Jack Steady will catch it!
Bet you a dollar Bill Trust will be first!

Look! there's a child! Ah! by heaven, he's missed her!
Crash goes his axe to the left and the right.
Send up a cheer, boys! he's clasped her and kissed her!
Leap for the ladder, Bill! Safe! Now good-night!

Chorus—

These are the men who can do or die, *etc., etc.*

THE ENGINE DRIVER'S STORY.

Good-bye, Bess! God bless thee! send up a prayer
to-night

When you kiss the kid, and my pal and I see the
last of the London light.

There's the whistle! We're off, dear! Crying? Why,
heart alive!

Bill has his eye on the signals, and, damn it all, I
can drive!

Drive through the open and cutting, drive over curve
and the down,

Race till we rock the old engine, and rest her safe in
the town.

What did she say, Bill! sneaking plots? Why was
she crying, my Bess?

Said there were dastard devils—forsworn to wrecking
the down express!

What are yer staring at, partner Bill? Staring for
ever ahead!

Signals clear? In the track you say? God! 'tis in
front, and it's lead!

Full speed, lad! Let her jump and reel! Wait for
the shock! Wave the red!
This is the way that two Englishmen brought engine
and train to the shed.

Chorus—

These are the men who can do or die, *etc., etc.*

THE TALE OF THE LIFEBOAT MAN.

Don't you see the signal seaward? Can't you hear
the rocket scream?

Men and women start and listen, children waken
from a dream;

And all the village wakes to action, all the storm is
on the yell.

Buckle on your lifebelts, brothers! Don't you hear
the lifeboat bell?

Hark! the coxswain's voice is calling. All their
noble faces scan!

In the roll of English heroes, who can beat the life-
boat man?

What is danger to a Briton? What is life with life
to save?

Tear them from their wives' embraces! Launch
the boat upon the wave!

When the ship is driving shoreward, who has turned
a coward? When?

Men die daily for their duty, die to save, like
Englishmen!

Sailors, steady, strip for action ! Soldiers, cheer the
trumpet's call !

But the lifeboat men of England are the bravest
men of all !

Chorus—

These are the men who can do or die, *etc., etc.*

EPILOGUE.

Blessings on the miner with his lamp,
Toiling in the dark and in the deep !
Blessings on the men who nightly tramp,
When the world of workers is asleep !
Blessings on the heroes facing flame,
Burning for the dying and the dead !
Blessings on the engine-driver's name,
Standing at the iron horse's head !
Blessings on the lifeboat men, who feel
Life is naught when boom the minute guns !
Humbly to Britannia we kneel—
"Grant a 'Cross for Valour' to your sons !"

“ETIQUETTE.”

BY W. S. GILBERT.

THE *Ballyshannon* founded off the coast of Cariboo,
And down in fathoms many went the captain and
the crew ;

Down went the owners—greedy men whom hope of
gain allured.

Oh ! dry the starting tear, for they were heavily
insured.

Besides the captain and the mate, the owners and
the crew,

The passengers were also drowned excepting only
two—

Young Peter Gray, who tasted teas for Baker, Croop,
and Co.,

And Somers who from Eastern shores imported
indigo.

These passengers, by reason of their clinging to a
mast,

Upon a desert island were eventually cast.

They hunted for their meals as Alexander Selkirk
used,

But they couldn't chat together—they had not been
introduced.

For Peter Gray, and Somers too, though certainly in
trade,
Were properly particular about the friends they
made ;
And somehow thus they settled it without a word
of mouth—
That Gray should take the northern half, while
Somers took the south.

On Peter's portion oysters grew—a delicacy rare,
But oysters were a delicacy Peter couldn't bear.
On Somers' side was turtle, on the shingle lying
thick,
Which Somers couldn't eat, because it always made
him sick.

Gray gnashed his teeth with envy as he saw a mighty
store
Of turtle unmolested on his fellow-creature's shore ;
The oysters at his feet aside impatiently he shoved,
For turtle and his mother were the only things he
loved.

And Somers sighed in sorrow as he settled in the
south,
For the thought of Peter's oysters brought the water
to his mouth ;
He longed to lay him down on the shelly bed and
stuff—
He had often eaten oysters, but had never had
enough.

How they wished an introduction to each other
they had had

When on board the *Ballyshannon*. And it drove
them nearly mad

To think how very friendly to each other they might
get

If it wasn't for the arbitrary rule of etiquette.

One day, when out hunting for the *mus rediculus*,
Gray overheard his fellow-man soliloquising thus :

"I wonder how the playmates of my youth are
getting on—

M'Connell, S. B. Walters, Paddy Byles, and Robin-
son?"

These simple words made Peter as delighted as
could be,

Old chums at the Charterhouse were Robinson and
he.

He walked straight up to Somers, then he turned
extremely red,

Hesitated, hummed and hawed a bit, then cleared his
throat, and said :

"I beg your pardon—pray forgive me if I seem too
bold,

But you breathed a name I new familiarly of old ;
You spoke aloud of Robinson—I happened to be by.
You know him?" "Yes, extremely well." "Allow
me, so do I."

It was enough ; they felt they could more pleasantly
get on,

For (ah, the magic of the fact!) they each knew
Robinson.

And Mr. Somers' turtle was at Peter's service quite,
And Mr. Somers punished Peter's oyster-beds all
night.

They soon became like brothers from community of
wrongs ;

They wrote each other little odes and sang each
other songs ;

They told each other anecdotes disparaging their
wives ;

On several occasions, too, they saved each other's
lives.

They felt quite melancholy when they parted for the
night,

And got up in the morning soon as ever it was light ;
Each other's pleasant company they reckoned so
upon,

And all because it happened that they both knew
Robinson.

They lived for many years on that inhospitable shore,
And day by day they learned to love each other
more and more.

At last, to their astonishment, on getting up one
day.

They saw a frigate anchored in the offing of the bay.

To Peter an idea occurred. "Suppose we cross the main ?

So good an opportunity may not be found again."
And Somers thought a minute, then ejaculated
"Done !

I wonder how my business in the City's getting on ?"

"But stay," said Mr. Peter ; "when in England, as
you know,

I earned a living tasting teas for Baker, Croop and
Co.,

I may be superseded—my employers think me dead."

"Then come with me," said Somers, "and taste
indigo instead."

But all their plans were scattered in a moment when
they found

The vessel was a convict ship from Portland, outward
bound ;

When a boat came off to fetch them, though they
felt it very kind,

To go on board they firmly but respectfully de-
clined.

As both the happy settlers roared with laughter at
the joke,

They recognised a gentlemanly fellow pulling stroke ;
'Twas Robinson—a convict, in an unbecoming frock,
Condemned to seven years for misappropriating
stock.

They laughed no more, for Somers thought he had
been rather rash
In knowing one whose friend had misappropriated
cash ;
And Peter thought a foolish tack he must have gone
upon
In making the acquaintance of a friend of Robinson.

At first they didn't quarrel very openly, I've heard ;
They nodded when they met, and now and then
exchanged a word :
The word grew rare, and rarer still the nodding of
the head,
And when they meet each other now they cut each
other dead.

To allocate the island they agreed by word of
mouth,
And Peter takes the north again, and Somers takes
the south ;
And Peter has the oysters, which he hates, in layers
thick,
And Somers has the turtle—turtle always makes him
sick !

WHO WINS THE BRUSH?

A HUNTSMAN'S YARN.

THE night is still young, all the whisky's not gone,
Sit ye down, man ; come ! don't run away,
An' I'll tell ye the tale of a run we once had
Forty-five years ago to a day.
Fair colleens were few at the Eggleton meets,
But if they had numbered ten score
They'd not have included a sweeter young lass
Than fair Mistress Kathleen O'More.
Och ! she was a darlin', the pride of our hearts,
All men, young and old, were her slaves ;
If we had been dead, why, the sound of her voice
Would have brought us post haste from our graves.
Sure never was maiden so bothered, I'll swear,
With offers of hand, heart and name ;
She had 'em by scores, an' the worst of it was
She treated 'em all just the same.
She was kind to all wooers, and no man could say
She liked him the worst or the best,
Till the day of this run that I'll tell ye about,
When Miss Katie her lovers did test.
At breakfast that morning Miss Kathleen came in
(Her home was the scene of the meet),

Bewitchin' as Venus the sweet creature looked
From her hair to the soles of her feet.
"Now listen, my friends, I have made up my mind,
To-day shall decide whom I'll wed,
For I'll marry the hunter who brings me the brush
When the hounds roll the fox over dead."
When she finished, the cheerin' it near split the walls,
Table thumpin's near smashed all the delf.
An' sly Father Connell inquired with a grin,
"S'pose, Miss Kathleen, I bring it meself?"
Then to horse and away, not a moment to spare.
Hark forrard! Away! Tally-ho!
Sly Reynard breaks cover, and off in pursuit
Pell-mell, hell-for-leather, we go.
Young Mickey O'Connor he led for three fields,
But at last came to grief at a wall;
Then bold Captain Blake shot at once to the front,
But the fox showed clean heels to 'em all.
Holy Patrick! What riding! ould Ireland ne'er saw
Such a maddenin', punishin' chase,
Though every man-Jack had have broken his neck
He'd not have dropped back in the race.
Squire Tommy O'Neil broke his arm at a gate—
Begorra! we thought 'twas his neck
Till he roared out, "Ye divels! get on, I'm all right,"
And then, by good luck, came a check.
The rest it was short, for the hounds found at once,
Helter-skelter, again off we went;
The captain soon stuck in a neat little bog,
An' down came Sir Timothy Trent.

The fox was a game 'un, he ran like the wind,
Straight ahead, not a turn or a twist ;
There were six of us close to the tails of the hounds,
When says one to me, " Barney, lad, whisht !
There's ten golden guineas I'll give ye this night
If ye'll keep a still tongue in your head.
There's a short cut I'm taking, but don't say a word,
If ye do—well ! ye'll wish ye were dead."
So Arthur O'Donnell slipped off at a gate,
And rides straight for O'Callaghan's bog ;
But the other bold suitors they saw him slip off,
And they shouts out " Ha ! ha ! the sly dog ;
He knows a near cut—well, we'll take it as well,"
And galloped like mad in his track.
Mr. Joyce's mare slipped coming down from a leap,
And lay still, for she'd broken her back ;
O'Donnell rode slowly, he knew the ground well,
But the others did not, and rode fast.
In a minute they'd caught him, and left him behind,
And they grinned as they all thundered past ;
But begorra ! they found he laughs best who laughs
last,
An' they'd mighty small cause for their mirth.
By good luck one got through, but the others stuck
fast,
Safe held in the bog to the saddle-girth.
" Ye villain," they groaned, as O'Donnell rode past,
" Will ye leave us here till we are dead ?"
" Nay, keep up your hearts, I will help dig ye out
When I've cut off the fox brush," he said.

Hark forrard ! Hark forrard ! He's off in pursuit,
His rival's but one field ahead ;
An' he yells out " Hurroo ! " as the spurs he drives
home

In the sides of his bay thoroughbred.
The stranger looks back as he hears the wild yell,
And urges his horse at a wall ;
But the poor beast is weary, his chest strikes the top,
And he comes down a bone-cracking fall.
The rider springs up, ere the saddle he gains
O'Donnell goes by like a flash ;
Och ! murder ! what luck, there's a pool t'other side,
And in it he lands with a splash.

Both riders recover, they race neck and neck,
Stride for stride, down the side of the hill ;
For 'neath them they see the hounds close to the fox :
Now which will be first at the kill ?
Poor Reynard is spent, and he knows his end's come,
But as sure as he lives he'll die game ;
He turns with a snarl, there's a yelp ; but the end
In a short time the deep barks proclaim.

Mistress Kate was beside me when I neared the kill,
But she stopped me some ten yards away ;
And we watched the two riders spring down from
their steeds,

And headlong dash into the fray.
The stranger stoops down and gets hold of the fox,
And drags it away from the pack ;
When ould Bran, the sly crathure, falls into his legs,
And he tumbles full length on his back.

Ere he rises the body's snatched out of his hand,

Mister Arthur, he whips out his knife,
And cuts off the brush with a Tally ho ! ho !

He has won Miss Kathleen for his wife.

Now there's no more to tell ye except that same
night

Miss Kathleen gave O'Donnell her hand ;
And the revels wound up with a glorious fight,
Till, bedad, we could no longer stand.

" P. L." in *Sandow's Magazine*.

A LITTLE MUSIC.

BY DAN LENO.

I AM to a great extent a self-educated man, and I have tackled nearly all the arts and sciences in a sixpenny sort of way.

But in the whole course of my studies I never had such an exciting time as when I tried to obtain complete mastery of the bagpipes in seven lessons without a master. I was not particularly fond of the instrument, and I think I can understand why it is rarely played at symphony concerts. But I had an absorbing curiosity to find out whether I could produce a pathetic effect by squealing the "Maiden's Prayer" on it. I thought it would be the most touching musical performance ever known. My landlady at that time was a well-nourished female, but she had no ear; she had to listen through her nose, and that, of course, gave her a prejudice against classical music.

My first attempt was startling. I had shut the door and taken a large mouthful of the pipes, and after blowing away until my teeth nearly dropped out, I managed to fill the bag or cistern with several gallons of south-west wind.

Nothing happened for a few minutes; but just as I was panting and sighing before starting again, the instrument seemed to wake up suddenly to a sense of its surroundings, and started screaming and wailing and spitting. It sounded like thirty cats with their tails in a mangle.

I dropped the thing in terror, and rushed from the room.

On the landing I met my landlady, who took me tenderly in her arms, and kissing me softly on the forehead, asked me where the pain was, and told me her husband used to suffer in the same way, but she didn't think he ever had it as bad as I had.

The young man who lived above me was a powerful and generally ill-natured fellow; but on this occasion he took it very gently, and I was greatly relieved when he sent word down to ask if Mr. Leno would kindly leave off singing, as he wanted to go to sleep.

On the occasion of my second lesson, I began to practise in my bedroom before breakfast, and I saw through the window a dear old heavy-weight friend of mine coming along to invite himself to breakfast.

"Hello, old man!" said the hearty guest, "up already? More study? Never mind a chair; I'll sit on the washstand."

That wasn't what I wanted, so I immediately flooded the washstand by upsetting some water.

"Well, then, I'll sit on the bed," he cried.

He sat on the bed—flopped down on it in his jolly way.

My bagpipes rose nobly to the occasion. As soon as my friend's trunk came in contact with the bed, there was an outburst of blood-curdling groans and shrieks from under the clothes. It was a really frightful noise that made even my heart stand still.

My friend leaped so high that he bumped his head against the ceiling. His hair stood on end, his teeth rattled, his knees knocked together. "Good God, man!" he chattered, "I must have ki—ki—killed the child!"

Suddenly he seemed to recover the use of his limbs; he opened the door and dashed wildly into the street.

I shouted out to him through the window. I said, "It's no use running away; we must face this catastrophe and decide what to do. Come up at once. If people see you like that they'll begin to suspect something."

So he came back trembling, and I began seriously to discuss with him the advisability of hiding the body under the floor, and then emigrating to Venezuela.

His face was buried in his hands, and he seemed dazed with the thought that his career was blighted.

Then he rose up with calm resolution on his countenance. He approached the bed and gently touched the cover.

The pipes uttered a funny little sigh.

"Dan!" sobbed my heavy friend, "it still lives! it still lives!"

Then he turned down the bedclothes.

[*Curtain.*

From "Dan Leno, Hys Booke."

THE BELL.

BY BART KENNEDY.

IT boomed forth its mighty tones in the same solemn way, neither heeding nor caring, but booming on, on, marking the hour and the number thereof. Boom! Boom! - Its tones were rolling out over the dark, sullen waters. Out over the mighty, mighty town, where reigned destruction and lust for blood. Out over and around the Houses wherein for centuries wise men and fools had sat together and made laws. Out over and around the old Abbey, where lay, in their last sleep, great men.

Boom! A great and wondrous bell. It was as if the soul, the genius, of the old town arose and cried out stupendously. And doom spoke not in the tone of this bell, though doom was upon the town.

Neither spoke within it warning, nor menace, nor regret, nor, indeed, aught that was human of meaning. It boomed forth now even as it boomed when the town was gay—a weird, awesome tone that meant movement—marching. That that bides not. That that recks not. That meant the whirl of stars, of suns, of worlds. The fall of leaves. The move of seas, the crumble of atoms.

That meant Time.

It hung aloft in a great square tower that stood as a huge sentinel, at once on guard and deeply sleeping. And from this tower rang the full golden chimes that marked the divisions of the hour. And the meaning that was in them was strange and deep and solemn, like unto the meaning that was in the tone of their master—the great Bell.

* * * * *

Night came, and fire burst out in the town. And the sky was made red even as if a great sea of blood had suddenly filled it. Here was eating, destroying flame. Ravishing, frightful flame, that seized and shrivelled. All-embracing flame. Boom! The great tone was rolling forth. Rolling out over the flaming, rending, crushing chaos. The world-town was sinking as sank the world-towns of the long, long ago. The palace was falling, wherein kings and queens had sat in pomp and magnificence. The glorious old Abbey was aflame and tottering. Now its roof had crashed down upon the tombs where lay, in their last sleep, great men. Away off in the distance was heard a muffled rumbling. The great Bank was torn from its foundation. Smoke was arising from the ruins of the money-house, wherefrom the loathsome power of gold had dominated the world. Boom! It was the death-knell of the plague-spot that in the end had destroyed this nation. It marked the downfall of a brave and glorious race that had been changed to a vile set of money-lusters. Boom! It

was the last midnight of the mightiest town the world had known.

* * * * *

"Let us fling the nitros against the tower, and stay for ever the clangour of this bell," cried a voice.

"No," commanded a firm, vibrant voice. "Let the old bell toll on. Let the tower stand. Everything else I will destroy before the day breaks. But the bell shall stay."

"And why?"

"Because I will it. I am the master absolutely, even as this old bell is the master of all the other bells. Let none seek to question me. The world as yet needs masters, and this bell shall toll on as a sign that this is so. It was I who conceived this plan of extermination. I who found means to carry it out. Where would have been the legions of malcontents but for me? I am absolute.

"For I am a Northman. I am of the bold white race that ever moves on. I am as this bell—strong and steady, and sure of stroke. I have loosed the powers called evil. What the end, or the movement will now be, I know not. I came into the world to destroy. If I am evil, the time called for an evil man."

"What is your will now?"

"Go, wreck the south-western part of the town! Leave not a stone standing. Then fling the nitros

to the north, south, east, and west. Fling it till all be ended. But have a care for the tower. Go!"

"I destroy!" broke forth the voice again, "and for what end? I sought and discovered this mighty agent of destruction, and for what end? I am evil, and for what end? My wish is to free slaves. But none may free slaves but slaves. Then why do I destroy? Then——

"Ah! the chimes! Soon the old bell will toll again. I have always loved it. Often I have stood and drunk in its tones. I have looked to the clear stars as I listened to its giant voice.

"Two voices alone move me—the voice of the dark old river yonder as it runs out to meet the sea, and the voice of this bell. It tells of that that was before the beginning. Of that that shall be after the end. Live on, old bell! Live when I am gone."

And now great rushing flames were bursting from all parts of the town at once. And there were thunders and shocks. Everything was falling.

"All hail to thee, Destruction!" cried the firm voice. "I greet thee! I pledge to thee in the chaos of this mighty town. Hail! Toll forth, old bell! Toll forth, old comrade! Thee I spare—I love thee! For thou art strong and mighty, even as I. Toll forth over the ruin of all—for now my work is done!" Boom! The great bell broke forth, marking the hour of one.

From "Darab's Wine Cup."

COMEDIAN *v.* TWO PLUMBERS.

BY DAN LENO.

THE bath was no use to me, and as it was in a roomy room I thought I would have it shifted (the bath, not the room), and make it into a nursery for the children (the room, not the bath).

Accordingly, I pulled myself together one morning, and took a deep breath and walked into a plumber's shop to implore his assistance, and about nine o'clock the next morning he sent me two pantomimists, who could have earned nearly as much money at the halls as they did by plumbing. One was a very tall man with whiskers growing over his face like creepers, and just cut off to leave room for his eyes, like windows. The other was a small men's size, and he had no whiskers, but he had put on an apron that was about as big as a tablecloth, suitable for a picnic for thirty squatters.

It was crinkled up round his neck like the old-fashioned ruff that Queen Elizabeth had to take off before Shakespeare could kiss her when he went courting, then it was folded half a dozen times round his waist—well, the place where his waist was before it got mislaid.

Well, to go on with the story, they began their work of destruction as soon as they entered the

house. The long tubular man butted the hall lamp like a wild goat on stilts and smashed it to powder, and the little globular man trod on his apron three times going upstairs, fell on his face, and stained the carpet with his bleeding nose—all on purpose, I know, because it was a dirty apron, and he must have had a lot of practice in managing it.

When they reached the bath-room they sat down and looked at the bath as if they had never seen one before, and as if they were waiting to see it perform.

Then the short one got up and stroked and patted it with his hands, as if he was telling it to be a good bath.

"Oh!" I said, "don't be afraid; it isn't savage."

He turned round and murmured something with a sigh. Then he sat down. They had some more low conversation and lit their pipes. Without coming to any unanimous decision they went away, saying that they were going to fetch their tools and would be back in half an hour. They returned five hours later with enough tools to build a row of houses with, and as the procession went upstairs again they let a hammer fly out of one of the baskets, which nearly brained me as I came behind them. They laughed genially, while I rubbed my head. When we got into the room they put down the baskets and took up art criticism. It appeared that one had declared the figures in a certain picture to be angels, while the other was confident that they were ostriches. 'Would you believe it? The picture in

dispute was a little pathetic effort of my own, entitled, "Heavenwards."

After that they came back from art to science, and slowly emptied their baskets of all sorts of fearful and wonderful implements and materials, which were strewn all over the floor. There was a long piece of wire, the use of which I did not understand until I saw Whiskers cleaning his pipe with it. And Apron showed me a lantern, which, by some pumping arrangement, shot out a large flame about a foot long, and enabled Whiskers to get his pipe well alight without striking a lot of matches.

Apron was very pleased with his lantern, and kept pumping it with an expression on his face that might have indicated that he had conquered Europe. At last he put it on the floor with the flame flaring away, and went to his basket to find a lead pencil. He brought this back to sharpen with a hatchet, and while he was doing this set his apron on fire with the lantern. Whiskers made a heroic rescue of him. Seizing the apron he swung the globular man round the room, but burnt his fingers, and suddenly dropped his colleague, who fell on the back of his head, and stayed there for a few moments' rest and quiet. The long man went back to his work. He had ceased to be a knockabout, and had become a musical clown, and he was hitting the bath with a hammer to try and make it sing "The Village Blacksmith."

Meanwhile Apron put some lead in a spoon and

proceeded to melt it by means of the lantern. I thought perhaps he was going to put a plug in the back of his head where he fell, because I could not see any other possible use for melted lead in that scene. When it was nicely simmering he put the spoon on the floor, and took the lantern into a corner where it would be away from the sweep of his apron. The tall man tried to reach a chisel with his right hand without relinquishing his hold on the bath, and losing his balance he kicked the molten lead all over the oil-cloth, setting it on fire in several spots. They both laughed and apologised, and said accidents would happen.

Then they threw a pail of water over the burning oil-cloth, and the water flowed under the door and downstairs, and when I looked on the landing I saw the baby sitting in it, crying. I picked the damp baby up and took it to a place of safety, as far from the plumbers as possible, and when I came back I found, to my great satisfaction, that the tall man had smashed his thumb with the musical hammer, and the little man had fallen off a pair of steps into the bath.

I asked them as calmly as I could whether they had come there to commit suicide or to burn me out of house and home, and they looked displeased. To console themselves they sat down and had some bread and cheese and beer, and as they didn't invite me to join them I went away for an hour, after
and which I returned and found them both fast asleep.

"Well," I said to myself, "I think too much of this is enough," so I woke Whiskers with a pin and Apron with the lantern, and they sat up and started a long conversation about some dogs, which lasted until it was time for them to go home, when they got up as if they had earned a good rest and asked me for some beer money, promising to come early next morning.

I ought to mention that they took the bath with them and only let it fall downstairs twice, breaking the umbrella-stand in the hall, and making an infernal noise.

Now—and here comes the most thrilling part of my tale—it happened that in the ceiling over the bath there was a large "rose" for a cold shower, which could be turned on by pulling a chain. Well, these clever men took the chain away and left the tap turned on, or made some mistake of the kind. I was sleeping in the room underneath the bath-room, and early next morning I was roused by drops of water falling on the bed, and looking up I saw that the ceiling was completely saturated. I rushed upstairs in my pyjamas and found a beautiful waterfall coming from the shower-bath arrangement. What was to be done? If it ran much longer I should have the whole family afloat in tubs and wash-bowls. I got a bucket and put it under the shower, and when that was full I put down another and hurried downstairs to empty the first. Before I could get back the second one was running over, and I played this

game until nine o'clock, when the pantomimists returned.

How they laughed! I said, "There's water enough in the house already. What is there to laugh at?"

Then they told me how it had all come about. It seems that they had forgotten to lift the cistern ball or something of that kind—I was too mad to listen to them.

Since then I have become an enthusiastic anti-plumbist. I have no objection to plumbers in the abstract, but I don't like them in *my* house.

From "Dan Leno, Hys Booke."

MR. BARKER'S PICTURE.

BY MAX ADELER.

"YOUR charge against Mr. Barker, the artist here," said the magistrate, "is assault and battery, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your name is——"

"Potts! I am art critic of the *Weekly Spy*."

"State your case."

"I called at Mr. Barker's studio upon his invitation to see his great picture, just finished, of 'George Washington cutting down the cherry-tree with his hatchet.' Mr. Barker was expecting to sell it to Congress for fifty thousand dollars. He asked me what I thought of it, and after I had pointed out his mistake in making the handle of the hatchet twice as thick as the tree, and in turning the head of the hatchet around, so that George was cutting the tree down with the hammer end, I asked him why he foreshortened George's leg so as to make it look as if his left foot was upon the mountain on the other side of the river."

"Did Mr. Barker take it kindly?" asked the justice.

"Well, he looked a little glum—that's all. And then when I asked him why he put a guinea-pig up

in the tree, and why he painted the guinea-pig with horns, he said that it was not a guinea-pig, but a cow; and that it was not in the tree, but in the background. Then I said that, if I had been painting George Washington, I should not have given him the complexion of a salmon-brick, I should not have given him two thumbs on each hand, and I should have tried not to slue his right eye around so that he could see around the back of his head to his left ear. And Barker said, 'Oh, wouldn't you?' Sarcastic, your honour. And I said, 'No I wouldn't'; and I wouldn't have painted oak-leaves on a cherry-tree; and I wouldn't have left the spectator in doubt as to whether the figure off by the woods was a factory chimney, or a steamboat, or George Washington's father taking a smoke."

"Which was it?" asked the magistrate.

"I don't know. Nobody will ever know. So Barker asked me what I'd advise him to do. And I told him I thought his best chance was to abandon the Washington idea, and to fix the thing up somehow to represent 'The Boy who stood on the Burning Deck.' I told him he might paint the grass red to represent the flames, and daub over the tree so's it would look like the mast, and pull George's foot to this side of the river so's it would rest somewhere on the burning deck, and maybe he might reconstruct the factory chimney, or whatever it was, and make it the captain, while he could arrange the guinea-pig to do for the captain's dog."

"Did he agree?"

"He said the idea didn't strike him. So then I suggested that he might turn it into Columbus discovering America. Let George stand for Columbus, and the tree be turned into a native, and the hatchet made to answer for a flag, while the mountain in the background would answer for the rolling billows of the ocean. He said he'd be hanged if it should. So I mentioned that it might perhaps pass for the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. Put George in black for the headsman, bend over the tree and put a frock on it for Mary, let the hatchet stand, and work in the guinea-pig and the factory chimney as mourners. Just as I had got the words out of my mouth, Barker knocked me clean through the picture. My head tore out Washington's near leg, and my right foot carried away about four miles of the river. We had it over and over on the floor for a while, and finally Barker whipped. I am going to take the law of him in the interests of justice and high art."

So Barker was bound over, and Mr. Potts went down to the office of the *Spy* to write up his criticism.

ONLY A PIN.

ONLY a pin, yet it calmly lay
On the tufted floor in the light of day ;
And it shone serenely fair and bright,
Reflecting back the noonday light.

Only a boy, yet he saw that pin,
And his face assumed a fiendish grin ;
He stooped for a while, with look intent,
Till he and the pin alike were bent.

Only a chair, but upon its seat
A well-bent pin found safe retreat ;
Nor had the keenest eye discerned
That heavenward its point was turned.

Only a man, but he chanced to drop
Upon that chair ; when, fizzy-bang-pop !
He leaped like a cork from out a bottle,
And opened wide his valve de throttle.

Only a yell, though an honest one,
It lacked the element of fun ;
And boy and man, and pin and chair,
In wild confusion mingled there.

ANON.

OUR NEW MINISTER.

WHEN the servant girl went to work for the family in Congress Street, the lady of the house sat down and told her that agents, book-pedlars, hat-rack men, picture-sellers, ash-buyers, rag-men, and all that class of people, must be met at the front door and coldly repulsed ; and Sarah said she'd repulse them if she had to break every broomstick in Detroit.

And she did. She threw the door open wide, bluffed right up at 'em, and when she got through talking, the cheekiest agent was only too glad to leave. It got so after a while that pedlars marked that house, and the door-bell never rang except for company.

The other day, as the girl of the house was wiping off the spoons, the bell rang. She hastened to the door, expecting to see a lady, but her eyes encountered a slim man, dressed in black and wearing a white necktie. He was the new minister, and was going round to get acquainted with the members of his flock ; but Sarah wasn't expected to know this.

" Ah—um—is—Mrs.—ah ! "

" Git ! " exclaimed Sarah, pointing to the gate.

" Beg pardon ; but I would like to see—see—— "

"Meander!" she shouted, looking around for a weapon; "we don't want any flour-sifters here!"

"You're mistaken," he replied, smiling blandly; "I called to——"

"Don't want anything to keep moths away—fly!" she exclaimed, getting red in the face.

"Is the lady in?" he inquired, trying to look over Sarah's head.

"Yes, the lady is in, and I'm in, and you are out!" she snapped; "and now I don't want to stand here talking to a fly-trap agent any longer! Come, lift your boots!"

"I'm not an agent," he said, trying to smile. "I'm the new——"

"Yes, I know you—you are the new man with the patent flat-iron; but we don't want any, and you'd better go before I call the dog."

"Will you give the lady my card, and say that I called?"

"No, I won't; we are bored to death with cards and handbills and circulars. Come, I can't stand here all day."

"Didn't you know that I was a minister?" he asked, as he backed off.

"No, nor I don't know it now; you look like the man who sold the woman next door a dollar chromo for eighteen shillings."

"But here is my card."

"I don't care for cards, I tell you! If you leave that gate open I will have to fling a flower-pot at you."

"I will call again," he said, as he went through the gate.

"It won't do any good," she shouted after him ; "we don't want no prepared food for infants—no piano music—no stuffed birds ! I know the policeman on this beat, and if you come around here again he'll soon find out whether you are a confidence man or a vagrant."

And she took unusual care to lock the door.

AMERICAN.

FATHER O'HIGGINS OUTDONE.

EARLY one fine morning, as Terence O'Fleary was hard at work in his potato-garden, he was accosted by his gossip, Mick Casey, who he perceived had his Sunday clothes on.

"God's bud! Terry, man, what would you be afther doing there wid them praties, an' Phelim O'Loughlin's berrin' goin' to take place? Come along, ma bochel! sure the praties will wait?"

"Och! no," says Terry, "I must dig on this ridge for the childer's breakfast, an' thin I'm goin' to confession to Father O'Higgins, who holds a stashin beyont there at his own house."

"Bother take the stashin!" says Mick, "sure that 'ud wait too." But Terence was not to be persuaded.

Away went Mick to the berrin'; and Terence, having finished "wid the praties," as he said, went down to Father O'Higgins, where he was shown into the kitchen, to wait his turn for confession. He had not been long standing there, before the kitchen fire, when his attention was attracted by a nice piece of bacon, which hung in the chimney-corner. Terry looked at it again and again, and wished the childer "had it at home wid the praties."

"Murther alive!" says he, "will I take it? Sure

the priest can spare it, an' it would be a rare thrate to Judy an' the gorsoons at home, to say nothin' iv meself, who hasn't tasted the likes this many's the day." Terry looked at it again, and then turned away, saying—"I won't take it—why wou'd I, an' it not mine, but the priest's? an' I'd have the sin iv it, sure! I won't take it," replied he, "an' it's nothin' but the Ould Boy himself that's temptin' me! But sure it's no harm to feel it, anyway," said he, taking it into his hand, and looking earnestly at it; "Och! it's a beauty; and why wouldn't I carry it home to Judy and the childer? An' sure it won't be a sin afther I confesses it!"

Well, into his great-coat pocket he thrust it: and he had scarcely done so, when the maid came in and told him that it was his turn for confession.

"Murther alive! I'm kil't and ruin'd, horse and foot! nòw, joy, Terry; what'll I do in this quandary, at all, at all? By gannies! I must thry an' make the best of it, anyhow," says he to himself, and in he went.

He knelt to the priest, told his sins, and was about to receive absolution, when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, and cried out—

"Och! stop—stop, Father O'Higgins, dear! for goodness sake, stop! I have one great big sin to tell yit; only, sir, I'm frightened to tell id, in the regard of niver havin' done the like afore, sir, niver!"

"Come," said Father O'Higgins, "you must tell it to me."

"Why, then, your Riverence, I will tell id; but, sir, I'm ashamed like!"

"Oh, never mind! tell it," said the priest.

"Why, then, your Riverence, I went out one day to a gintleman's house, upon a little bit of business, an' he bein' engaged, I was showed into the kitchen to wait. Well, sir, there I saw a beautiful bit iv bacon hangin' in the chimbley-corner. I looked at id, your Riverence, and my teeth began to wather. I don't know how it was, sir, but I suppose the divil timpted me, for I put it into my pocket; but if you plaize, sir, I'll give it to you," and he put his hand into his pocket.

"Give it to me!" said Father O'Higgins; "no, certainly not; give it back to the owner of it."

"Why, then, your Riverence, sir, I offered it to him, and he wouldn't take id."

"Oh! he wouldn't, wouldn't he?" said the priest; "then take it home, and eat it yourself, with the family."

"Thank your Riverence kindly," says Terence, "an' I'll do that same immediately, plaize God; but first and foremost, I'll have the absolution, if you plaize, sir."

CONCERNING CHAMBERMAIDS.

BY MARK TWAIN.

AGAINST all chambermaids, of whatsoever age or nationality, I launch the curse of bachelordom !
Because :

They always put the pillows at the opposite end of the bed from the gas-burner, so that while you read and smoke before sleeping (as is the ancient and honoured custom of bachelors) you have to hold your book aloft, in an uncomfortable position, to keep the light from dazzling your eyes.

When they find the pillows removed to the other end of the bed in the morning they receive not the suggestion in a friendly spirit ; but, glorying in their absolute sovereignty, and unpitying your helplessness, they make the bed just as it was originally, and gloat in secret over the pang their tyranny will cause you.

Always after that, when they find you have transposed the pillows, they undo your work, and thus defy and seek to embitter the life that God has given you.

If they cannot get the light in an inconvenient position any other way, they move the bed.

If you pull your trunk out six inches from the

wall, so that the lid will stay up when you open it, they always shove that trunk back again. They do it on purpose.

If you want the spittoon in a certain spot, where it will be handy, they don't, and so they move it.

They always put your other boots into inaccessible places. They chiefly enjoy depositing them as far under the bed as the wall will permit. It is because this compels you to get down in an undignified attitude and make wild sweeps for them in the dark with the boot-jack, and swear.

They always put the match-box in some other place. They hunt up a new place for it every day, and put up a bottle, or other perishable glass thing, where the box stood before. This is to cause you to break that glass thing, groping in the dark, and get yourself into trouble.

They are for ever and ever moving the furniture. When you come in, in the night, you can calculate on finding the bureau where the wardrobe was in the morning. And when you go out in the morning, if you leave the slop-bucket at the door and the rocking-chair by the window, when you come in at midnight, or thereabouts, you fall over that rocking-chair, and you will proceed toward the window and sit down in that slop-tub. This will disgust you. They like that.

No matter where you put anything, they are not going to let it stay there. They will take it and move it the first chance they get. It is their nature.

And, besides, it gives them pleasure to be mean and contrary this way. They would die if they couldn't be villains.

They always save up all the old scraps of printed rubbish you throw on the floor and stack them up carefully on the table, and start the fire with your valuable manuscripts. If there is any one particular old scrap that you are more down on than any other, and which you are gradually wearing your life out trying to get rid of, you may take all the pains you possibly can in that direction, but it won't be of any use, because they will always fetch that old scrap back and put it in the same old place again every time. It does them good.

And they use up more hair-oil than any six men. If charged with purloining the same, they lie about it. What do they care about a hereafter? Absolutely nothing.

If you leave the key in the door for convenience sake, they will carry it down to the office and give it to the clerk. They do this under the vile pretence of trying to protect your property from thieves; but actually they do it because they want to make you tramp back downstairs after it when you come home tired, or put you to the trouble of sending a waiter for it, which waiter will expect you to pay him something. In which case I suppose the degraded creatures divide.

They keep always trying to make your bed before you get up, thus destroying your rest and inflicting

agony upon you; but after you get up, they don't come any more till next day.

They do all the mean things they can think of, and they do them just out of pure cussedness, and nothing else.

Chambermaids are dead to every human instinct.

I have cursed them in behalf of outraged bachelorhood. They deserve it. If I can get a bill through the Legislature abolishing chambermaids, I mean to do it.

BRIARY VILLAS.

I'm number one: Vidler is number two, Briary Villas, Plimliville.

Now, I am not a violent man, and I never make use of bad language, but I must say something when I mention Vidler's name, if it's only "Boil Vidler."

We were just settling down when he arrived, and the very first night his servant came and knocked at our door with master's "compliments, and he had left his last house on account of the horgans, and would we leave off playing the pyhanner."

That was a sample, for every day there was something the nasty, little, fat, round, bald-headed old bachelor, or his pea-like sister, had to complain about.

At last the troubles culminated one cold February evening, and that trouble cost me fifty pounds, and made Vidler my sworn enemy for life.

Binny and I were just having a quiet chat in the sitting-room, and all was cosy, when suddenly I sniffed. Then Binny sniffed. Then we both sniffed together.

"What a smell of soot!" I exclaimed.

"It's that odious old Vidler's chimney smoking," said Binny. "Oh, Charlie, do let's move, they are such disagreeable people. The old woman actually made faces at me to-day as I sat by the window."

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and "Our Emma" appeared. Cook always calls her "Our Emma," to distinguish her, I suppose, from the next-door servant, whose name is Jane.

"Well, Emma?"

"Oh, if you please, mum, will you come down, please?"

"Is anything the matter?"

"No, mum, there's nothink the matter; but I made up a good fire, as you told me, in the dining-room, and it will keep on a-roaring so."

"Why, you've set the chimney on fire!" I shouted.

"Well, sir, that's what cook says; but I don't think it is."

I ran downstairs to find that not only was the fire roaring away, but great pats of burning soot were tumbling down the chimney. I seized the salt-cellars and emptied them on the fire. That seemed no good; so calling to the maids to bring a couple of pails, I had them filled and carried upstairs, climbed the ladder, and got on the roof. "It will make a horrible mess," I thought, as I looked at the smoke pouring up from the long narrow stack. "But better dirty a fender," I continued aloud, "than pay five pounds for a fire-engine."

As I spoke I raised the pail of water and poured

it down the smoking chimney. Then I took a full can from Emma, whose head appeared upon the scene.

"No fire-engines to-night," I chuckled; and as a rumbling, gurgling noise came up the chimney, I poured down the second pailful and descended. "How is the dining-room, Binny?" I asked, when I got down.

"It's left off roaring, dear," she replied; and on going in, to my surprise I found the fire burning brightly, while the roaring noise had ceased, and all was beautiful and clean.

"Why, my dear Binny!" I exclaimed; and then the roaring noise began again—not in the chimney this time, but at the front door, which somebody seemed determined to batter down.

"I'll go, Emma," I said; "it's the engine." Going to the door then I opened it cautiously, but only to be driven in and followed by a hideous little object in the shape of Vidler—round, fierce, blackened with soot, drenched with water, and foaming at the mouth. I was not afraid of him but of the dirt, as he chased me into the dining-room, where I kept him at bay with the legs of a chair.

"You atrocious scoundrel!" he panted, from the midst of his strangely blackened face, as he tore with sooty hand at his wet black shirt-front and white kerseymere waistcoat. "You villain, this is one of your cursed practical jokes; but I'll have an action—I'll have an action!"

"Perhaps, sir, as plaintiff, you will explain upon what grounds," I said blandly.

"Grounds, sir! grounds! you smooth-tongued, insulting blackguard! Why, sir, five minutes ago I was standing, as is my wont, reading my paper and warming my back, when an avalanche, a cataract—a dirty abominable fall of Niagara, sir, came rushing down my chimney, sir, deluging me, my Turkey carpet and my hearthrug, and putting out my fire. As soon as I could recover from my astonishment, sir, I thrust my head up the chimney, sir, and roared out to you to cease, when, sir, a second avalanche came down, and—and—hang it all, sir, just look at me!"

I did look, and he certainly was a guy.

"Now, sir, what does this mean?"

"Mean, sir," I replied, "well, I'm afraid I poured the water down the wrong chimney."

ANONYMOUS.

THE FARMER'S BLUNDER.

WHILE on a visit to a relation in the celebrated city of York I became acquainted with an honest farmer in the neighbourhood, who, having resided there from a youth, was respected, and admitted into the society of most of the country gentlemen. He was a constant visitor at the house of my uncle, and his conversation, teeming with merry stories which serve to delight the ear at the expense of our sides, told in his simple, unadorned manner, could not but render his society agreeable to me.

Honest old Farmer Burton had an only son, who had reached the age of forty without entering into the matrimonial state; he was, in fact, as true a picture of a country bumpkin as ever graced a dung-fork! One day, our discourse happening to turn upon the said bumpkin, I expressed my surprise that he should never have had the good fortune to get married.

"Why," said the farmer, "it be not the fau't o' his face, I reckon; for he be as pratty a lad as here and there be one; ees, an' he ha' had his chances, by my feekins! and had he been as cute as mysen, he mought ha' had a buxom lass with no little stock o' money either." This excited my curiosity, and I requested the farmer to acquaint me with the

particulars, which he did as follows: "You mun know that my son used to work wi' me in the field; that is, he drived plough, sowed and reaped, and all other cultural works loike; and a steady, hard-working lad he wur too; till all on a sudden he becomed lazy loike, and wouldn't work at all. So I couldn't tell what to make on't; if I snubbed un 'twur all the same, and so at last, thinks I to mysen, I'll speak to un about it, calmly loike; an' so I did, and axt un what wur the matter wi' un. So says he—

"'Why, I dosen't know disactly; he, he, he! but ever sin' I ha' seed Molly Grundy at our village church, feather, I ha' felt all over in sic' conflagration loike; he, he, he!'"

"'Why, ye beant in love, be ye?'"

"'Why, he, he, he! I can't say for sartin, haply I mought; but dang my buttons, feather! if I doesn't think Molly bees in love wi' I; he, he, he!'"

"'Be she?' says I. 'Ods, dickens! then you mun mind your P's and Q's, lad, for she ha' money. But did she speak ta ye?'"

"'Ees, to be sure she did, and said I wur a pratty lad; he, he, he!'"

"'And what answer did you make?'"

"'Why, I laf't!'"

"'Ah!' but said I, 'you should ha' made loove to her.'"

"'But I don't know how, feather; what be I to say?'"

"'Why, I'll tell ye; when you see her again you

thus address her: "Oh! thou most incomparable of thy sex; thy eyes of diamond light have pierced my heart's core; thy cheeks are carnation red, thy lips like coral, thy alabaster skin! thy teeth, good lack! and graceful mien, have scorched and burned up all the particles of my heart! deign then to dispense thy passions to me alone, thy faithful swain, who is this moment ready to espouse thee, thou irresistible and adorable woman."

"Well," said I, "and did he say so?"

"Why no," said the farmer; "a sad blunder he made on it, all thro' his being no *scholar*; and lost both his sweetheart Molly and her money into the bargain.

"When he got to Molly Grundy's, he dropt on both his knees, scratch'd his head, and thus began:—

"'Oh! Molly Grundy, feather ha' sent I here *to dress ye*, Oh! thou most *unbearable* of my *sex*! Thy eyes *damn'd* light and pierced my heart *sore*!—thy cheeks are *dangnation* red!—thy lips like *mackerel*!—thy *plaster* skin, thy *teeth so black*! and *hateful and mean*! have scorched and burnt up all the *articles* of my heart; *feign* then to *expend* thy passion on me alone, thy *hateful swine*, who is this moment ready to *expose thee*, thou *detestable* and *deplorable 'ooman*!'

"Molly Grundy no sooner heard his speech than she took up a long hair broom, wopped poor Robin out of the house, and he has never been able to get a wife, or had courage enough to make love to another woman since."

HER GLOVE.

A ROMANCE.

BY S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.

Ye Lover hath Returned from seeing his Sweete-Hearte Home after ye
Balle, and he gropeth about in his Syttinge Room for ye Matches.

He Soliloquises.

NOW that's odd! I could have sworn I placed my
matches here;

That Mrs. Brown's been pilfering again I greatly fear.
Perhaps I have one in my vest, but I must quickly
see,

Or else against the furniture I'll bark my shin or
knee!

Why, what's this? A glove, I swear, just peeping by
my tie,

Her glove! she must have placed it there when we
said "Good-bye."

He Rapturises.

Her tiny glove, I do declare

It even yet is warm!

I think I feel her fingers there—

At least, I feel their form.

And when she kissed "Good-bye" to-night
How sweet, how sweet she looked !
Her eyes they danced with Love's delight—
Well, well, it's clear I'm booked !

Her glove ! sweet glove ! the glove I love !
I'll wear it next my heart ;
And when I'm dead they'll see the glove
From which I'd never part !
I kiss the palm and think it hers,
I'll kiss the fingers too ;
How great's my love ! it beats and whirrs—
Alas ! how small's my screw !

The buttons are to me fine pearls,
I kiss them o'er and o'er ;
O sweetest, dearest, best of girls,
I'll love thee evermore !
The moon is up—an omen clear,
No need for matches now ;
For we're a match, I and my dear—
I s'pose her pa will row !

But let me kiss it once again
Ere to the light I go ;
It is so rich, this lover's pain,
I seem to feel Love's glow !
Now come, wee glove, into the light,
Before the moon has flown,
And on thee all my Love I'll plight—
Why, dash it, it's my own !

THE SNEEZING MAN.

BY WARD M. FLORENCE.

KIND friends, your attention I ask,
Though I'm almost ashamed to be seen
By a crowd of such wise-looking heads,
For fear of your calling me "green";
As stern fate has so harshly ordained
That whenever my wish is to please
All the ladies who gaze upon me
I'm sure to burst out in a SNEEZE. (Sneeze.)

My cradle was rocked by a nurse
Whose sneezing was worse than my own,
And had it not been as it was,
This curse I would never have known;
I believe in my soul to this day
That *she* brought it from over the seas,
Where people take pleasure, they say,
In a loud-sounding, horrible *sneeze*. (Sneeze.)

When boyhood broke forth in its prime
With school-games, all happy and gay,
I had to stand by and look on,
Without ever daring to play;

But all of the rest of the boys
Would kiss the bright girls at their ease,
And leave me a-standing just so,
To comfort myself with—a *sneeze*. (Sneeze.)

This trouble still followed me on
Till I grew up a good-looking man,
And had money and lands of my own,
And horses—a beautiful span;
But whenever a-courting I'd go
My hopes would give way by degrees,
For all that I ever could do
Was to sit in the corner and—*sneeze*. (Sneeze.)

One eve I was taking a drive
With a lady whose beauty was rare,
And I managed to ask her at last
What she thought of the cool evening (*sneeze*) air;
She said, "'Tis delightfully grand,
There is *such a ponderous breeze*"—
As I turned aside with my nose
To indulge in a horrible *sneeze*. (Sneeze.)

I then became bold after this,
And thought of the life I had led ;
Its loneliness seemed so forlorn
That I asked this young damsel to wed ;
And while my heart throbbed for reply
Came on this infernal disease,
And ere she could answer my words
The hills had re-echoed a *sneeze*. (Sneeze.)

She said, "I should like to be yours,
And live far away in the vale ;
But the hair might be blown off my head,
As your sneezing doth make such a gale."
I whispered no further of love,
But drove her straight home as you please,
And just as I turned from the door
I wished her "good-night"—*with a sneeze.* (Sneeze.)

Now, friends, I would pray you be warned
At the fate of a poor fellow-man,
And leave off this taking of snuff
Just as soon as you possibly can ;
And when, in this battle of life,
You're desirous of raising a breeze,
Don't blow on your nose like a horn,
And startle the world with a "SNEEZE." (Sneeze,
sneeze.)

HOW TOM SAVED THE TRAIN.

BY GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

AROUND the stove at the village inn
The usual company were seated,
To drink and smoke and chaff and grin
At tales too long to be repeated.

A moment Silence held her reign,
And then a voice her realms invaded :
"Tom, tell us how you saved the train !"
Tom was not loath to be persuaded.

But first a horn of applejack
He put away preparatory ;
Then 'gainst the wall he braced his back,
And thus began his startling story :

"Upon the track, and on the ties,
One clear night I was homeward hieing,
When, 'cross the rails, before my eyes,
I saw, O heavens ! a great beam lying.

"It shone, a ghastly body there ;
All ways at once my feelings drifted.
Although it seemed so light, I swear
I hadn't then the power to lift it.

"A sudden rumble and a roar
Struck frightfully upon my hearing ;
Louder and louder than before—
I knew the night express was nearing.

"With helplessness I weaker grew,
And, fainting, on my knees was falling.
What should I do—what could I do—
To avert disaster so appalling ?

"On me it came ! As in a dream
I thought I saw the dead and dying.
I sprang between the track and beam—
And on, unharmed, the train went flying !"

A moment's hush. You might have heard
The dew drop. One said : "I can't see, sir,
Just how that blamed old beam was stirred."
"I didn't touch it ; it touched me, sir."

"But," he persisted, "tell this much ;
I want the answer that I go for :
You couldn't lift, you didn't touch,
Pray how, then, did the train get over ?"

Said Tom, as toward the door he went :
"Why, don't you see ? Now don't get mad, O !
It was a moonbeam that I meant ;
I sprang between and left my shadow !"

A CATASTROPHE.

BY PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

No human being
Who saw that sight
But felt a shudder
Of pale affright.
He sat in a window
Three stories high,
A little baby
With no one nigh.
A stranger saw him,
And stopped to stare,
A crowd soon gathered
To watch him there.

A gleam—a flutter!
In airy flight
Came past the window
A butterfly bright.
From fields of clover
And perfumed air,
Wayfaring insect,
What brought you there?

The baby saw it,
And eagerly
Reached out to catch it,
Crowing with glee.

With fat pink fingers
Reached out—and fell !
The awful horror,
No tongue can tell.
Poor little baby,
So sweet and bright !
Pale faces quivered,
And lips grew white ;
Weak women fainted,
Strong men grew weak,
Up rose one woman's
Heart-piercing shriek.

Hurrah for the awning
Upon the fly !
It caught the youngster
And tossed him high.
The bounce prodigious
Made baby scowl ;
He caught his breath, sir,
And set up a howl.
All blessed the awning
That had no flaw ;
But a madder baby
You never saw.

A NOVEL.

To be read in five minutes.

VOLUME I.

MOONLIGHT evening—shady grove—
Two young people much in love ;
Heroine with great wealth endowed,
Hero handsome, poor and proud ;
Truth eternal—hearts united—
Vows of changeless passions plighted :
Kisses—quarrels—sighs—caresses ;
Maiden yields one of her tresses.
Obstacles to be surmounted ;
Ugly rival, old and stale,
Overhears the tender tale.

VOLUME II.

Morning in the East looks ruddy ;
Scene, young lady's father's study ;
Hero, with hat in hand,
Come, her ditto to demand.
Angry parent storms—abuses,
And at once consent refuses.
Maiden faints beneath the blow—
Mother intercedes—no go ;
Shrieks—hysterics—protestations,
Mixed with old man's execrations.
Exit lover 'midst the din,
Ugly rival enters in.

VOLUME III.

Time—a moonlight night once more ;
Scene—outside the lady's door ;
Lover, with half-broken heart,
Swears he'd rather die than part.
Garden—flowers—umbrageous shade—
Manly accents—serenade.
Chamber window open wide—
Début of expectant bride ;
Little dog most kindly mute—
Tears—rope-ladder—flight—pursuit ;
Gallant steed—too late—night's scream—
Triumph—marriage—Gretna Green—
Old man's rage—disowns for ever—
Ugly rival—scarlet fever.

VOLUME IV.

Old man sickly—sends for child—
All forgiven—reconciled.
Young man making money fast—
Old man's blessing—dies at last—
Youthful couple prove probate—
Get the money—live in state—
Family mansion—jewels, plate.
Mother's wishes crowned with joy ;
Doctor—nurses—little boy ;
Time proceeds—her ties endear—
Olive branches year by year.
Blessings on the good attend—
General gladness—moral—end.

TOM AND NED.

DEAR Ned, no doubt you'll be surprised
When you receive and read this letter !
I've railed against the marriage state—
But then, you see, I knew no better.
I met a lovely girl out here ;
Her manner is—well, very winning ;
We're soon to be—well, things to clear,
I'll tell you all from the beginning.

I went to ask her out to ride
Last Wednesday—it was perfect weather ;
She said she couldn't possibly :
The servants had gone off together—
(Hibernians always rush away,
At cousins' funerals to be looking)—
Pies must be made, and she must stay,
She said, to do that branch of cooking.

" Oh, let me help you," then I cried ;
" I'll be a cooker, too ; how jolly !"
She laughed and answered, with a smile :
" All right, but you'll repent your folly ;

For I shall be a tyrant, sir,
And good hard work you'll have to grapple,
So sit down there and don't you stir,
But take this knife and pare that apple."

She rolled her sleeves above her arm—
That lovely arm, so plump and rounded ;
Outside, the morning sun shone bright,
Inside, the dough she deftly pounded ;
Her little fingers sprinkled flour
And rolled the pie-crust up in masses :
I passed a most delightful hour
'Mid butter, sugar, and molasses.

With deep reflection her sweet eyes
Gazed on each pot and pan and kettle ;
She sliced the apples, filled her pies,
And then the upper crust she'd settle.
Her rippling waves of golden hair
In one great coil were slightly twisted ;
But locks would break out, here and there,
And curl about where'er they listed.

And then her sleeve came down, and I
Fastened it up—her hands were doughy ;
Oh, it did take the longest time—
Her arm, Ned, was so fair and snowy ;
She blushed, and trembled, and looked shy,
Her arch lips looked so red that I—
Somehow that made me all the bolder :
Well, found her head upon my shoulder.

We're to be married, Ned, next month !
Come and attend the wedding revels ;
I really think that bachelors
Are the most miserable devils.
You'd better go for some girl's hand,
And if you are uncertain whether
You dare to make a due demand,
Why, just try cooking pies together.

ANON.

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY HUGH HOWARD.

I HAVE dropped from the ranks of respectable men,
I have ceased to be counted with those
Who even attempt to perform, now and then,
What their best inclinations propose.
I have bowed all my manhood contemptibly low ;
I'm a lamb in an eagle's fierce claw ;
I am sunk in the depths of dejection, for oh !
I have married my mother-in-law !

She is nearly six feet in her stature superb,
She is stout in proportion besides,
And her temper no earthly coercion can curb ;
All restraint it at once overrides.
From the moment I wedded sweet Mary, indeed,
With increasing depression I saw
That till death interfered I should be but a reed
In the hands of my mother-in-law.

She assumes all control of my household affairs ;
She discharges my servants at will ;
She congeals me to stone by her Gorgon-like stares ;
She revises my grocery bill !

She involves me in quarrels by doubting my facts,
Till the statements I meekly withdraw;
And my children, to me disrespectful, are wax
In the hands of my mother-in-law.

And alas! she considers dear Mary was born
But to breathe by her special decree,
And be dosed with all phases of physic forlorn,
From blue pill to chamomile tea!
She deprives her of sweets and ordains wheaten grits;
She subjects her to steaks nearly raw;
And in equal degree her digestion and wits
Are destroyed by my mother-in-law.

For myself, she asserts, if I stay out till ten,
That I've decency grossly defied,
And recalls her late spouse as a model of men—
Is it strange the unhappy wretch died?
Poor Prometheus once, as old chronicles tell,
An insatiate vulture did gnaw;
Yet I fancy that bird was a mere bagatelle
When compared with my mother-in-law.

But of course, as you're doubtless aware, I'm a fool
To submit to her sway as I do;
I should certainly end her detestable rule
By a bold and inflexible *coup*!
So I've half a mind some day to pour down my throat
Many drinks that shall conquer my awe,
And afford me Dutch courage to take off my coat
And to wallop my mother-in-law!

HE NEVER TOLD A LIE.

I SAW him standing in the crowd—
A comely youth, and fair !
There was a brightness in his eye,
A glory in his hair !
I saw his comrades gaze on him—
His comrades, standing by ;
I heard them whisper each to each,
“ He never told a lie ! ”

I looked in wonder on that boy,
As he stood there, so young ;
To think that never an untruth
Was uttered by his tongue.
I thought of all the boys I'd known—
Myself among the fry—
And knew of none that one could say :
“ He never told a lie ! ”

I gazed upon that youth with awe
That did enchain me long ;
I had not seen a boy before
So perfect and so strong.

And with a something of regret
I wished that he was I,
So they might look at me and say :
“ He never told a lie ! ”

I thought of questions very hard
For boys to answer right :
“ How did you tear those pantaloons ? ”
“ My son ! what caused the fight ? ”
“ Who left the gate ajar last night ? ”
“ Who bit the pumpkin-pie ? ”
What boy could answer all of these,
And never tell a lie ?

I proudly took him by the hand,
My words with praise were rife ;
I blessed that boy who never told
A falsehood in his life ;
I told him I was proud of him.
A fellow standing by
Informed me that *that boy was dumb*
Who never told a lie !

DER BABY.

So help me gracious, efery day
I laugh me wild to see der vay
My small young baby drie to play—
Dot funny leetle baby.

When I look on dhem leetle toes,
Und saw dot funny leetle nose,
Und heard der vay dot rooster crows,
I schmile like I was grazy.

Und when I heard der real nice vay
Dhem beoples to my wife dhey say,
“More like his fater every day,”
I vas so proud like blazes.

Sometimes dhere comes a leetle schquall,
Dot's when der vindy vind vill crawl
Righd in its leetle schtomach schmall,—
Dot's too bad for der baby.

Dot makes him sing at night so schveet,
Und gorrybarric he must eat,
Und I must chumb shbry on my feet,
To help dot leetle baby.

He bulls my nose and kicks my hair,
Und grawls me ofer everywhere,
Und shlobbers me—but vat I care?
Dot vas my schmall young baby.

Around my neck dot leetle arm
Vas sqveezing me so nice und varm ;
Mine Gott ! may never come some harm
To dot shmall leetle baby.

THE OLD HUNDRED.

(SOME DISTANCE AFTER TENNYSON.)

HALF a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward !
Into an awful ditch.
Choir and precentor hitch,
Into a mess of pitch,
They led the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh ! that precentor's look,
When the sopranos took
Their own time and hook
From the Old Hundred.
Screeched all the trebles here,
Boggled the tenors there,
Raising the parson's hair,
While his mind wandered :
Theirs not to reason why
This psalm was pitched too high ;
Theirs but to gasp and cry
Out the Old Hundred.

Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them
 Bellowed and thundered ;
Stormed they with shout and yell,
Not wise they sang, nor well,
Drowning the sexton's bell,
 While all the church wondered.
Dire the precentor's glare,
Flashed his pitchfork in air,
Sounding fresh keys to bear
 Out the Old Hundred.
Swiftly he turned his back,
Reached he his hat from rack,
Then from the screaming pack
 Himself he sundered.
Tenors to right of him,
Trebles to left of him,
Discords behind him
 Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, the wild howls they wrought ;
Right to the end they fought !
Some tune they sang, but not,
 Not the Old Hundred.

THAT WAS ALL.

HE put his arm around me,
He squeezed me once or twice ;
I didn't say a word, you know,
Because it was so nice.
'Twas evening, by the seaside ;
The music, low and sweet,
Came trembling like the moonshine
In shadows at our feet.
He held his arm around me,
I stood so close to him
His moustache touched my forehead,
And all the world was dim.
Ah, that ecstatic pressure,
That touch of heart to heart :
The sweetest thing in Nature,
The tenderest in Art.
No whispered words were spoken,
We thought not of the time ;
We needed no expression
For rapture so sublime.
What's that? Was he proposing?
I wouldn't marry Paul.
Of course he wasn't. Both of us
Were waltzing : that was all.

THE SHERIFF'S MISTAKE.

(Adapted from MAX ADELER.)

THE Sheriff of our State has a singular capacity for perpetrating dreadful blunders. Over in the town of Nockamixon one of the churches last year called a clergyman named the Rev. Joseph Striker. In the same place, by a most unfortunate coincidence, resides also a prize-fighter named Joseph Striker, and rumours were afloat a few weeks ago that the latter Joseph was about to engage in a contest with a New Jersey pugilist for the championship. Our Sheriff considered it his duty to warn Joseph against the infraction of the laws, and so he determined to call upon the professor of the art of self-defence. Unhappily, in inquiring the way to the pugilist's house, somebody misunderstood the Sheriff, and sent him to the residence of the Rev. Joseph Striker, of whom he had never heard. When Mr. Striker entered the room in answer to the summons, the Sheriff said to him familiarly, "Hello, Joe! How are you?"

Mr. Striker was amazed at this address, but he politely said "Good morning."

"Joe," said the Sheriff (throwing his leg lazily over the arm of the chair), "I came round here to

see you about that 'mill' with Harry Dingus that they're all talking about. I want you to understand that it can't come off anywheres around here. You know very well it's against the law, and I ain't agoing to have it."

"Mill! Mill, sir? What on earth do you mean? I do not own any mill, sir; against the law! I do not understand you, sir."

"Now, see here, Joe," said the Sheriff, biting off a piece of tobacco and looking very wise, "that won't go down with me. It's pretty thin, you know. I know well enough that you've put up a thousand dollars on that little affair, and that you've got the whole thing fixed, with Bill Martin for referee. I know you're going down to Pea Patch Island to have it out, and I'm not going to allow it. I'll arrest you as sure as a gun if you try it on, now mind me."

"Really, sir, there must be some mistake about——"

"Oh, no, there isn't; your name's Joe Striker, isn't it?"

"My name *is* Joseph Striker, certainly."

"I knew it," said the Sheriff, spitting on the carpet, "and you see I've got this thing dead to rights. It shan't come off; and I'm doing you a favour in blocking the game, because Harry'd curl you all up in any way if I let you meet him. I know he's the *best* man, and you'd just lose your money and get bunged besides; so you take my advice now, and get. You'll be sorry if you don't."

"I do not know what you are referring to. Your remarks are incomprehensible, but your tone very offensive; and if you have any business with me, I'd thank you to state it at once."

"Joe, you play it pretty well. Anybody'd think you was as innocent as a lamb. But it won't work, Joseph—it won't work, I tell you; I've got a duty to perform, and I'm going to do it; and I pledge you my word, if you and Dingus don't knock off now, I'll arrest you and send you up for ten years, as sure as death. I'm in earnest about it."

"What on earth do you mean, sir?"

"Oh, don't you go to putting on any airs about it. Don't you try any strutting before me, or I'll put you under bail this very minute. Let's see, how long were you in jail last time? Two years, wasn't it? Well, you go fighting with Dingus and you'll get ten years, sure!"

"You are certainly crazy——"

"I don't see what you want to stay at that business for, anyhow. Here you are, in a snug home, where you might live in peace and keep respectable. But no, you must associate yourself with low characters, and go to stripping yourself naked and jumping into a ring to get your nose blooded and your head swelled, and your body hammered to a jelly; and all for what? Why, for a championship! It's ridiculous. What good will it do you if you're champion? Why don't you try to be honest and decent, and let prize-fighting alone?"

"This is the most extraordinary conversation I ever listened to. You evidently take me for a——"

"I take you for Joe Striker; and if you keep on I'll take you to jail. Now, you tell me who's got those stakes and who's your trainer, and I'll put an end to the whole thing."

"You seem to imagine that I'm a pugilist. Let me inform you, sir, that I am a clergyman."

"Joe, it's too bad for you to lie that way—too bad, indeed!"

"But I *am* a clergyman, sir—pastor of the church of St. Sepulchre. Look! here is a letter in my pocket addressed to me."

"You don't *really* mean—to say—that—that—you're a *preacher* named—Joe—Joseph Striker?"

"Certainly I am. Come upstairs and I'll show you a barrel-full of my sermons."

"Well, if this don't beat Nebuchadnezzar! this is awful! I don't know how I ever—a preacher! What an ass I've made of myself! I don't know how to apologise; but if you want to kick me down the front steps, just kick away. I'll bear it *like an angel*!"

Then the Sheriff retired un-kicked, and Mr. Striker went upstairs to finish his Sunday sermon.

A "BLACK" STORY.

DURING a temporary lull in business two bootblacks—one black and the other white—were standing at the corner of a street doing nothing, and doing it very well, when the white bootblack proposed that he should black the boots of the black bootblack.

Of course, the black bootblack was perfectly willing to have his boots blacked by the white bootblack, so the white bootblack set to work to black the boots of the black bootblack.

Now when the white bootblack had blacked one of the boots of the black bootblack until it shone in a manner which would have done credit to any bootblack, this white bootblack, who agreed to black the boots of the black bootblack, declined to black the other boot of the black bootblack unless he should add ten cents to the amount that the white bootblack had made in blacking other men's boots during the day. This the black bootblack declined to do, saying that it was plenty good enough for a black bootblack to have one boot blacked, and didn't care a hang whether the white bootblack blacked the other boot or not. This roused the passion of the white bootblack, and he proceeded to vent his ire by stamping upon the blacked boot of the black bootblack. This

roused the passion of the black bootblack, and he proceeded to vent *his* ire by blacking the face of the white bootblack with the boot that the white bootblack had blacked. A fight ensued, and the Society of Bootblacks, afterwards convened, characterised the conduct of the black and white bootblacks as one of the blackest affairs in the pages of the bootblack history.

[This little bit of nonsense is a capital exercise on the labial consonant *b*.]

HOME, SWEET HOME!

(From the "*Detroit Free Press*.")

THE household goods of a ruined millionaire were being sold at auction, and a fashionable assembly of bidders were present. The auctioneer came to a handsome grand square piano, and as he opened it, he observed that the maker's catalogue price for the instrument was fourteen hundred dollars. Then he invited anyone present to try the instrument, so that all might hear its tone.

"Please come forward and play something, someone—anyone," he urged, noticing nobody seemed inclined to accept the invitation.

At this second call there was a stir near the door, and then a man advanced—a man who seemed strangely out of place among the elegantly-attired people assembled in that grand parlour. It was a ragged, soiled tramp, on whose face hardship and dissipation had left their imprints.

A murmur of astonishment and disgust ran round the room. How came such a creature there? What right had he in that room with decent people? How did he gain admittance?

The faultlessly-attired men fell back as the tramp approached, and the women drew aside their skirts, as if the touch of such a being were contamination.

Some looked around for the auctioneer's assistants, and one man half lifted his cane as if to strike the vagabond.

"Put him out."

The words were uttered by more than one pair of lips.

Heedless of the looks or words of those around, the tramp walked—or rather staggered—toward the piano. His step was that of a drunken man, but his cheeks were sunken and pallid, as if hunger gnawed at his vitals, and his eyes gleamed with a wild unnatural light—a light that caused the auctioneer to shiver and fall back with a hand half upraised.

Without a word the vagrant seated himself at the piano, and his fingers touched the ivory keys. For a moment he seemed to hesitate, his fingers wandering aimlessly, yet producing a few soft and harmonious notes. Then, of a sudden, a burst of melody came from the piano—a flood of music that thrilled the souls of all who heard. It was Beethoven's grandest march, and it was rendered by a master musician. Never before in that magnificent parlour was such music heard. Could it be the ragged tramp who was playing?

Amazed, stricken dumb and motionless by what they saw and heard, the people who had gathered there stared and listened, holding their breath while their ears drank in the soul-intoxicating strains conjured from the faultless instrument by the wizard musician in rags. The march ended, but the flood of

music still poured from the piano. Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner, Liszt—the strange man knew them all, and their best work he rendered with a master's touch.

“Wonderful! Amazing!”

The enthralled listeners looked into each other's faces, and whispered the words—

“Who is he?”

No one could answer, but one thought he must be some great musician masquerading.

Listen! He is improvising now. How sweet his strain! Soft and low, yet full of joy and sunshine, it flows on and on like a laughing, dancing brook.

Slowly a touch of sadness creeps into the melody. It is like the gentle fall of summer rain on a new-made grave—it is like the faintly-heard sobbing of a mother as she bends above the dead face of her first-born. It moves the heart of many a woman as she listens, and more than one pair of eyes are dim with unbidden tears.

At length comes the sweetest, saddest, grandest tune ever composed—“Home, Sweet Home.” All else is forgotten now. One of the women is sobbing softly in the depths of her handkerchief. Softer and softer, slower and slower, the strain is sinking—dying. (It is like the last effort of a soul passing from earth. Finally it ceases, and then the tramp musician sinks forward on the instrument and remains motionless. A sigh runs round the room. The auctioneer touches the tramp on the shoulder. The vagabond does not stir. They lift the nerveless body and look into his face. He has gone home.

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

BY ROSS DEFORRIS.

A KING grown old in glory and renown
Of goodly deeds, a wholesome reign to crown,
Feeling the years turn white upon his head,
Thought of his end, and to himself he said :
“ Three sons I have, strong types of sturdy youth,
Bred in all honour, manliness and truth ;
Honest and brave are they, I know it well,
But traits there are in all that none may tell.
I'll test them, therefore, for I fain would know
Which one shall rule the best when I shall go.”

Thereon he sent a slave to call his sons
Into his presence. Strong and manly ones
They surely were, to glad a father's sight,
And mind him of his springtime's virile might.
To whom the king : “ My sons, the time draws near
When I, thy sire, shall be no longer here,
And I would know which of you I may trust
To wield the sceptre when my hands are dust ;
And to that end I make thee this request,
Which of my three sons loves his father best ? ”

Then spake the eldest : " Sire, my love for thee
Is deeper, broader, greater than the sea,
Vast as it is, that wets thy kingdom's shore.
Such is my love for thee, my sire, and more."
The second then : " My father and my king,
There is not any yet created thing
In the whole universe, below, above,
To mark the scope and measure of my love."
The youngest simply said, " I cannot tell
Thee more than this, I love my father well."

The king dismissed them with a tender word,
And sate and pondered well that he had heard ;
Then called his Minister and to him spake :
" My lord, a pilgrimage I fain would make
To far-famed Mecca. That I may atone
For sins unpardoned, I will go alone,
Barefooted and bareheaded ; and if I
By Allah shall be called upon to die
While on this pilgrimage, 'tis my command,
That my three sons together rule the land."

A year went by, and yellow were the leaves,
The ripened grain was gathered into sheaves,
And all made ready for the harvest sport,
When through the kingdom—city, camp, and court,
Seaport and hamlet—the sad news was sped,
That the wise ruler and just king was dead.
Loved as a monarch tender, brave and true,
His people mourned him deeply as his due.
His sons were told the words the king had said,
And reigned together in their father's stead.

The calendar had marked another year,
And on the drooping stalk the full-grown ear
Through golden husk and silken tassel showed,
When wearily along the dusty road
A beggar slowly moved towards the town,
Which reached at last, outside the gate sate down,
And rested. Suddenly his thoughts were bent
Upon a man near by with garments rent,
Who sighed, and wept, and beat upon his breast,
And ever made this moan, "I loved him best."

"Friend," said the beggar, "tell, if I may know,
What is the cause and secret of thy woe ;
Allah hath certain cure for every ill ;
Thine may He soften !" For a moment still
The other sate ; then, with fresh tears, he said :
"Great is my loss. I mourn the king that's dead.
Ah ! never more shall men see such a one :
My father he : I was his oldest son."
And then he beat once more upon his breast,
And rent his clothes, and cried, "I loved him best."

The beggar sighed. "Such love must Allah prize.
Thy brothers ? Mourn they also in this wise ?"
"Not so," the mourner said. "To me in age
The nearest quickly did his grief assuage :
With horses and hounds his hours are spent in sport,
To the great shame and sorrow of the Court.
The youngest bears the pains and cares of State,
Works out our father's plans ; to low and great
Meteth out justice with impartial hand,
And is beloved and honoured in the land."

The beggar left the son on grief intent,
And straightway to the Court his footsteps bent,
Cast off his beggar's clothes before the throne,
And, clad in purple, proudly claimed his own.
Cried, in a voice that made the arches ring,
"Hear ye, my people ! As I am your king,
My power, my crown, my sceptre, and my throne
Go to my youngest son, and him alone !
Son of my soul, I fold thee to my breast,
Who doth his father's work loves him the best."

DAMIAN'S WIFE.

BY MRS. ALBERT S. BRADSHAW.

PROLOGUE.

MAKE way—make way for Damian's wife,
And I will tell the story of a life—
No, no!—the story of a death!
I'll tell you how she shrieked and cried,
Then gasped for breath.
But hark! what sound was that
Which on the silence fell,
Ringing a joyful pæan?—'Tis Damian's marriage bell!
No, no! the tone has changed; 'tis Damian's funeral
knell!
Who says 'twas by the hand of Damian's wife he died
Speaks what is false, for Damian slew himself
When to his wife he lied.

* * * * *

Sometimes I think that weeks and months
Or even years have sped;
Sometimes I think it was but yestereve
I saw him in this very room,
A low and base-born creature by his side;
While on her brow and lips his perjured kisses pressed,
With kisses that were but

The foretaste of his coming doom.
I saw him place within her hand—my gold—
The cursèd golden coins
Which raised him to a princely rank—
The gold which purchased costly baubles
To string about her neck, and dazzle him
With myriad, glittering, mocking eyes.
He was so wondrous fair to look upon—
How could I dream the beauteous casket
Encased so black a heart?
His stature was of regal grace and dignity—
A form whose symmetry was so divine,
Apollo might have envied :
With brow and chin, which, in their classic outline,
Marked perfection's marble gods,
Created and defined by master hands of art :
His hair, a silken waving mass,
Was flecked with tints of Nature's gold ;
And eyes of sapphire blue,
That brimmed with tears of sympathy,
Or beamed with liquid glow of beatific life !
But all his beauty, charm, and grace,
Were marred by that one fatal stream
Of pauper's blood that tarnished in his veins
And blazoned forth his gutter birth—
The scum and offal of a city's populace.
And I had dared to thrust
This ill-starred weed—this parasite of royal blood,
Into the sacred precincts of a royal court !
How could I be so mad—

To think that mongrel breed
Could mate with pure descent?—
A human cur, who e'en must quarrel
With a bed of down,
And whine at feast for gods!
But agony and trust betrayed make me unjust;
I do but offer insult to the noble canine race
To liken even mongrel breed to human cur!
The epithet is cruel libel
On man's faithful friend;
For a despised cur is grateful and devoted,
And licks the hand that rescues him!

* * * *

Hush! hush! Again rings out
That awful clanging knell!
It is the signal—to Hell!
Down! down! the rocky chasm,
Countless fathoms deep;
Up—up—great mountain crags,
And granite boulders steep.
On—on—I go—impelled by unseen hands,
Till now I'm in the clutch
Of myriad demon hands.
And yet again I rise—still higher—higher—
Pursued by imps and fiends,
A target for their balls of fire!
One moment more, and I'm engulfed
In swift and lurid flame:
In piercing agony of death I shriek,

And call on Damian's name!
Aha! aha! there's magic in the sound;
Unto my tortured heart a respite's born,
For like a golden mist
A vapoury pall is raised,
And blackest night gives place to rosy morn.
I watch his form merge from ethereal mists,
And stagger back amazed!
Then stretching forth my hands entreatingly,
His mercy and protection I implore
In tones which, to mine ears,
Sound hoarse and strange.
Upon his azure flowing robes
I see the crimson stain—
The spot wherein I plunged
My dagger home, and claimed my sweet revenge
By barter of my soul!
Now, from his lips, I hear
The silvery bell-like tones
Fall plaintive, as a melody in minor key.
Nadine, my love! my life!
I pardon thee! for thou wast but
The instrument ordained
To punish me for greater sin.
I fell a willing victim to thy loveliness,
And kissed the chains
By which I was enslaved—
For they were but the symbols
That men spend their days
In striving to acquire—

The pomps and riches of the world,
And yet the paltry playthings of an hour.
It was in the compact—
That for ambition's sake—and thine—
I should renounce all kith and kin
And bury in oblivion
The world which until then
Had fostered me !
Then came a day on which
My manhood fell from my shoulders,
As if it had been a cloak,
And lay upon the roadway
In the rags and tatters of its splendour !

* * * * *

Seated within our gilded chariot,
Drawn by costly prancing steeds—
Right in our pathway rose
A woman's bent and aged form—
With silvery hair, and eyes
That feasted on me as I passed.
The bond ! the cruel bond !
Another moment—and my compact was fulfilled;
I had renounced the one
To whom I owed my being !
In lieu of holy benison
I splashed her with the mud
Flung by my chariot wheels,
And in the winter of her life
Deprived her of a son !

Had I remained an honest son of toil
Content to dwell in safe obscurity,
I might have raised my head
In proud security:
For poverty has virtues
Never heeded by a throne.
But retribution was at hand,
Dealt by the one for whom I fell—
Dealt by the grim and ugly monster "Jealousy."
How couldst thou know
That she with whom I spoke
Was of my kith and kin—my mother's child?
That she had sought me out,
With prayers and tears,
To beg for bread and wine—
Perchance to save her dying boy?
Nadine! thy sin was fatal jealousy.
Look! Even now, the imps and fiends
That torture thee are but
The fruitful visions of thy own disordered brain.
If thou wilt touch the crimson stain,
And trembling, penitently cry
"Oh, God forgive!"
The stain will pale
And thou—progressive live!

* * * *

Oh, God! What have I done?
If it was I—alone—who sinned—
Be merciful and just!—

Make Damian a saint in heaven,
And me—a fiend in hell !
Who was it called ?
Yes ! yes ! I come—
See, there they go, like children hand in hand,
'Tis death and life at play.
Again rings out the marriage peal
And funeral knell.
How joyous ! and how sad !
Call on ! call on ! But
Nadine answers not.
Aha ! Who says that Damian's wife is mad ?

THE DANGER SIGNAL.

S. MACBEATH.

LIKE to hear how I was crippled? I'm loath to bring
the scene to mind,
But step inside and take a seat, sir, such a one as you
will find.
Switchmen's huts are rather roughish, not the
daintiest of places ;
Kind of lonesome little homesteads where it's seldom
strangers' faces
Venture in, sir ; still you're welcome. Well, it
happened in this way :
Engineer aboard the " Dolphin," working on the night
relay,
I was scheduled on the west-bound limited and fast
express ;
Held a record I was proud of. " Always up to time,"
unless
Such a thing as breakdowns stopped us. To continue
on that night,
Up to time we sped along well, everything was
running light ;
On the single track we'd travelled maybe thirty miles
or so

Full speed, when, without a warning, crash ! and
plunging on we go.
Rails are spread ; I seized the lever, shut off steam
and held my breath,
Groaned to God for wife and children, steeled my
heart, awaited death.
On we tore with thund'rous clatter ; Bill, the fireman,
then jumped ;
Still I held on, duty bade me—on her side the
“Dolphin” dumped.
Over rolled she down th' embankment ; ne'er can I
forget the sight
As I crawled out scalded, bleeding, saw the wreck,
the frenzied fright.
Quick as flash it dawned upon me that the east-
bound train was due,
Snatching lantern from the “Dolphin” o'er the track I
madly flew
Till my strength gave out ; exhausted down I sank
upon the track,
With my left arm dangling limply in an agonizing
wrack.
Seconds seemed as long-drawn hours while I quivered
in my pain,
Staring into utter darkness, waiting for that east-
bound train.
While I stanchd that helpless left arm, fainter
growing from my wound,
Fainter, fainter life seemed ebbing—then I heard the
well-known sound,

Saw the head-light of the east-bound, tried to wave
my lantern then.

Flesh and blood are only human ; nature was
succumbing, when

Rushed the burning, searing thought, as I cried out
in hoarse affright :

"Red for danger." is the signal, my white light
means all is right !

Weakly tottering to my feet, again I fell ere I could
wave

E'en my white light ; seemed that nothing, nothing
could that east-bound save.

Then in numbed despair as I lay, nearer, nearer came
she speeding ;

Flashed the thought of bandaged kerchief, white
ere I had stanch'd my bleeding.

"Crimson dyed it must be," cried I, as I tore it off
my wound ;

Mad with terror, quick I threw it o'er my white
light, then I swooned.

Nothing further I remembered, but they told me
afterward

When they saw the white light flash red 'twas too
late by some two yards,

For they found me lying senseless underneath the
east-bound train,

Just outside the track I'd scrambled as I fainted in
my pain,

With my maimed arm lying helpless, crushed and
mangled on the rail.

"Nobly done?" Oh, not at all, sir, just a usual railroad tale;

Duty first, sir, though the chances are a life against a train.

"Must be going?" Well, good morning; when you're passing, call again.

FAITHFUL.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

A LONG, bare ward in the hospital ;
A dying girl in the narrow bed ;
A nurse, whose footsteps lightly fall,
Soothing softly that restless head.

Slain by the man she learned to love,
Beaten, murdered, and flung away ;
None beheld it but God above
And she who bore it. And there she lay.

"A little drink of water, dear ?"
Slowly the white lips gasp and sip.
"Let me turn you over, so you can hear,
While I let the ice on your temple drip."

A look of terror disturbs her face ;
Firm and silent those pale lips close ;
A stranger stands in the nurse's place :
"Tell us who hurt you, for no one knows."

A glitter of joy is in her eye ;
Faintly she whispers : "Nobody did."
And one tear christens the loving lie
From the heart in that wounded bosom hid.

"Nobody did it!" she says again;
"Nobody hurt me!" Her eyes grow dim;
But in that spasm of mortal pain
She says to herself: "I've saved you, Jim!"

Day by day, as the end draws near,
To gentle question or stern demand,
Only that one response they hear,
Though she lift to Heaven her wasted hand.

"Nobody hurt me!" They see her die,
The same word still on her latest breath;
With a tranquil smile she tells her lie,
And glad goes down to the gates of death.

Beaten, murdered, but faithful still,
Loving above all wrong and woe,
If she has gone to a world of ill,
Where, O saint, shall we others go?

Even, I think, that evil man
Has hope of a better life in him,
When she so loved him her last words ran:
"Nobody hurt me! I've saved you, Jim!"

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR.

BY ROY LESLIE.

SAY, "pards," did you see the ticket of my coat that
I pawned at Lipman's last spring?

I'll have to "shoot" this summer-suit 'til the birds
shall once more sing.

'Twas pretty cold last night, pards, when we came
home from the show ;

There's many an actor in the town who had no
place to go.

I don't pity a bit the single men, but those in
married life ;

'Tis hard for "Pompey" to go home with nothing for
his wife ;

His little darling may be sick, and no fire in the
room ;

But he cheers himself by thinking that a date he
may get soon.

The morning sun has just arose, the air is clear and
cold,

And the actor goes forth into the street with step
that's fearless, bold.

"I'll just walk over the Rhine," he murmurs to himself,

"And see if Billy, who keeps bar at Henck's, has a letter on the shelf ;

I expect one to-day from B. C. Hart, to lead in
The Bloodless Stain.

A postal-card? Thank you, Billy. 'No opening—write again.' "

His poor heart sank within his breast when he read that postal-card,

And he thought of the hungry ones at home—indeed, it seemed too hard !

There was a time, in days now past, when of "dates" there was no end,

And he prayed within his very soul that Providence might send

Some news whereby he could get work, his family alone to save,

For he fancied that in the far-away he saw a pauper's grave.

He walked down Vine Street "all broke up"—a ship thrown off its keel—

Trusting some pard to meet, and raise a stamp to buy the morning meal.

"My wife and child they both must eat, although I should go without."

"Good morning, Frank. Why, what's the matter? You're not looking half so stout."

"Good morning, Jim. How do you do?" and the poor actor's heart beat high,

For here was a man he took out of "the hole" in
his palmy days gone by.

Dame Fortune had smiled upon his friend, and he
told his wants with pain ;

"I'll see you in an hour," he replied, but he never
saw him again.

Helplessly crushed, he wandered on till he reached
his barren home—

A little room up in an attic. He found his child
alone.

Its ma had just gone out, she said, to pawn her
wedding ring—

The last thing of value that they owned was sold for
bread to bring.

The careworn mother soon returned with a little
store of food :

"Cheer up, dear husband, trust in God, and shake
off this gloomy mood."

She tried to rouse his saddened heart, in which
anguish sore held reign ;

But the same illusion would spring up : "No opening
—write again !"

Another day had passed and gone, and they trusted
all to fate ;

A knock ! "A letter, husband dear." "Name your
terms and date !"

Snatched at last from starvation's door, he kissed his
only love ;

They knelt and gave their gracious thanks to the
God who dwells above.

EUGENE ARAM'S DEFENCE.

(Adapted from the novel by LORD LYTTON.)

"MY lord, I know not whether it is of right, or through some indulgence of your lordship, that I am allowed the liberty at this bar to attempt a defence, incapable and uninstructed as I am to speak. Since, while I see so many eyes upon me fixed with attention and filled with I know not what expectancy, I labour, not with guilt, my lord, but with perplexity. For, being wholly unacquainted with law, and the customs of the bar, I fear I shall be so little capable of speaking with propriety, that it might reasonably be expected to exceed my hope, should I be able to speak at all.

"I have heard, my lord, the indictment read, wherein I find myself charged with the highest of human crimes.

"My lord, the tenor of my life contradicts this indictment. Who can look back over what is known of my former years, and charge me with one vice—one offence? No! I concerted not schemes of fraud—projected no violence—injured no man's property or person. My days were honestly laborious—my nights intensely studious. This egotism is not presumptuous—is not unreasonable. What man,

after a temperate use of life, a series of thinking and acting regularly, without one single deviation from a sober and even tenor of conduct, ever plunged into the depth of crime precipitately, and at once? Mankind are not instantaneously corrupted. Villainy is always progressive. We decline from right—not suddenly, but step after step.

“If my life in general contradicts the indictment, my health, at that time in particular, contradicts it more. A little time before, I had been confined to my bed—I had suffered under a long and severe disorder. The distemper left me but slowly, and in part. So far from being well at the time I am charged with this fact, I never, to this day, perfectly recovered. Could a person in this condition execute violence against another?—I, with no inducement to engage—no ability to accomplish—no weapon wherewith to perpetrate such a fact;—without interest, without power, without motives, without means!

“My lord, Clarke disappeared; true: but is that a proof of his death? The fallibility of all conclusions of such a sort, from such a circumstance, is too obvious to require instances. One instance is before you: this very castle affords it.

“In June, 1757, William Thompson, amidst all the vigilance of this place, in open daylight, and double-ironed, made his escape;—notwithstanding all advertisements, all search, he was never seen or heard of since. If this man escaped unseen, through all these difficulties, how easy for Clarke, whom no

difficulties opposed! Yet what would be thought of a prosecution commenced against anyone seen last with Thompson?

"These bones are discovered! Where? Of all places in the world, can we think of any one, except, indeed, the churchyard?

"Is, then, the invention of those bones forgotten or industriously concealed, that the discovery of these in question may appear the more extraordinary? Every place conceals such remains. In fields—in hills—in highway sides—on wastes—on commons, lie frequent and unsuspected bones. And mark—no example, perhaps, occurs of more than one skeleton being found in one cell. Here you find but one, agreeable to the peculiarity of every known cell in Britain. Had *two* skeletons been discovered, then alone might the fact have seemed suspicious and uncommon. What! Have we forgotten how difficult, as in the case of Perkin Warbec, and Lambert Symnell, it has been sometimes to identify the living; and shall we now assign personality to bones—bones which may belong to either sex? How know you that this is the skeleton of a man? But even another skeleton was discovered by some labourer? Was not that skeleton averred to be Clarke's, full as confidently as this?

"My lord, my lord—must some of the living be made answerable for all the bones that earth has concealed and chance exposed? The skull that has been produced has been declared fractured. But

who can surely tell whether it was the cause or the consequence of death? Let it be considered how easily the fracture on the skull produced is accounted for. At the dissolution of religious houses, the ravages of the times affected both the living and the dead. In search after imaginary treasures, coffins were broken, graves and vaults dug open, monuments ransacked, shrines demolished; Parliament itself was called in to restrain these violations. Can you, then, with so many probable circumstances, choose the one least probable? Can you impute to the living what zeal in its fury may have done; what nature may have taken off and piety interred; or what war alone may have destroyed, alone deposited?

“And now, glance over the circumstantial evidence—how weak—how frail! I almost scorn to *allude* to it. I will not condescend to *dwell* upon it. The witness of one man—arraigned himself! Is there no chance, that, to save his own life, he might conspire against mine?—no chance that he might have committed this murder, *if* murder hath indeed been done? that conscience betrayed to his first exclamation? that craft suggested his throwing that guilt on me, to the knowledge of which he had unwittingly confessed? He declares that he saw me strike Clarke—that he saw him fall; yet he utters no cry, no reproof. He calls for no aid; he returns quietly home; he declares that he knows not what became of the body, yet he tells where the body is laid. He declares that he

went straight home, and alone ; yet the woman with whom I lodged deposes that Houseman and I returned to my house in company together ;—what evidence is this ? and from whom does it come ?—ask yourselves. As for the rest of the evidence, what does it amount to ? The watchman sees Houseman leave my house at night. What more probable—but what less connected with the murder, real or supposed, of Clarke ? Some pieces of clothing are found buried in my garden ; but how can it be shown that they belonged to Clarke ? Who can swear to—who can prove anything so vague ? And if found there, even if belonging to Clarke, what proof that they were there deposited by me ? How likely that the real criminal may, in the dead of night, have preferred any spot rather than that round his own home to conceal the evidence of his crime ?

“How impotent such evidence as this ! and how poor, how precarious, even the strongest of mere circumstantial evidence invariably is ! Let it rise to probability, to the strongest degree of probability ; it is but probability still.

“And now, my lord, having endeavoured to show that the whole of this charge is altogether repugnant to every part of my life ; that it is inconsistent with my condition of health about that time ; that no rational inference of the death of a person can be drawn from his disappearance ; that hermitages were the constant repositories of the bones of the recluse ; that the proofs of these are well authenticated ; that

the revolution in religion, or the fortunes of war, have mangled or buried the dead ; that the strongest circumstantial evidence is often lamentably fallacious ; that in my case, that evidence, so far from being strong, is weak, disconnected, contradictory,—what remains? A conclusion, perhaps, no less reasonably than impatiently wished for. I, at last, after nearly a year's confinement, equal to either fortune, intrust myself to the candour, the justice, the humanity of your lordship, and to yours, my countrymen, gentlemen of the jury."

GUILD'S SIGNAL.*

BY BRET HARTE.

Two low whistles, quaint and clear,
That was the signal the engineer—
That was the signal that Guild, 'tis said—
Gave to his wife at Providence,
As through the sleeping town, and thence
Out in the night,
On to the light,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped !

As a husband's greeting, scant, no doubt,
Yet to the woman looking out,
Watching and waiting, no serenade,
Love song, or midnight roundelay,
Said what that whistle seemed to say :
"To my trust true,
So love to you !
Working or waiting, good-night !" it said.

* William Guild was engineer of the train which plunged into Meadow Brook, on the line of the Stonington and Providence Railroad. It was his custom, as often as he passed his home, to whistle an "All's well" to his wife. He was found, after the disaster, dead, with his hand on the throttle-valve of his engine.

Brisk young bagmen, tourists fine,
Old commuters along the line,
 Brakemen and porters glanced ahead,
Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense,
Pierced through the shadows of Providence :

 " Nothing amiss—

 Nothing !—it is

Only Guild calling his wife," they said.

Summer and winter the old refrain
Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain,
 Pierced through the budding boughs o'erhead,
Flew down the track where the red leaves burned
Like living coals from the engine spurned ;

 Sang as it flew :

 " To our trust true,

First of all, duty. Good-night !" it said.

And then one night it was heard no more
From Stonington over Rhode Island shore,
 And the folk in Providence smiled and said,
As they turned in their beds, " The engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer."

 One only knew,

 To his trust true,

Guild lay under his engine dead.

DOWN AT HEEL.

BY S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.

HE ambles o'er the weary pave
With sloven gait and aspect grave,
 A great mistake ;
His coat is shabby, and his hat
Is shapeless grown, and creased and flat,
 Once wideawake !

Along the Strand you may him meet
But mostly in the Street of Fleet
 You'll see him steal.
He has no hope except to die,
And yet to live he still must try,
 Poor Down at Heel !

Perchance, in days that are no more,
He struggled in the rush and roar
 For Fame and place.
Maybe his dream was just as great
As those who've conquered Fortune, Fate
 And won the race.

He wrote with just as light a heart
Of Wine and Revel, joy and smart,
 Of Love and fears ;

His muse was buoyant, gay and free,
Or touching in a minor key—

The key of tears !

His hope was once as brave as most
Who start to pass the winning-post

That so few gain ;

For he had youth and talent, too,
And very like a maid to woo,

To woo in vain.

And in the early days he strove
To win the bays and eke to rove
Parnassus round.

For he aspired to golden heights,
To follow Fancy in her flights,

With wings unbound !

And now, alas ! How sad the tale,
To strive and strive and only fail

And fall to earth.

To plod, and wonder every day
What next will be—if earn he may

A dinner's worth.

How sunk he so ? A man of brain—
A victim of Mischance's chain

That demons link ?

The Bottle ? Passions ? Who can tell ?

Maybe that Circumstances fell

Have made him sink !

In Grub Street failures oft occur,
Still failures once successes were
 When Life was young ;
And singers with a blither note
Have missed the tide and lost Fame's vote,
 And died unsung.

But he and all must feel the same
As those who play and win the game
 Of pitch-and-toss.
And now how sad must be his lot,
A comedy with tragic plot—
 A life all loss.

The world but own the favoured few,
Who rise and safe the mill pass through,
 If false or leal !
It matters not, if you would rise,
You with the wise must aye despise
 Poor Down at Heel.

Poor Down at Heel! The words so cold
Tell tales that never will be told,
 For Doom's the seal.
Alas! so many lives are so,
All worn and torn and cursed with woe,
 And Down at Heel.

THE WARDER'S STORY.

BY MRS. ALBERT S. BRADSHAW.

Do you mind stepping inside, Sir,
And writing your name in the book ?
I'll just get the keys from the lodge, Sir,
And perhaps you'll be taking a look—

At the photos, up in the case,
You'll find 'em a queer-looking lot.
There's young 'uns and old 'uns—all sorts,
That, once seen, are not easy forgot.

"The little chap—up in the corner ?"
Why, Sir, his was a very sad case ;
He's neither a convict or thief, Sir,
And the gaol weren't for him the right place.

His life and his story's soon told, Sir ;
He was one of those children whose fate
Was but to be cast on the world,
Homeless, and orphaned—at eight.

He'd stand at the theatres with papers,
Or sometimes with matches he'd ply ;
But there were others, bigger and stronger,
And most people passed him by.

They never saw his white wan face,
Or his timid outstretched hand—
What counts such a feeble unit
In the thronging busy Strand?

There was Royalty at the Opera
One snowy winter's night,
But thousands waited about the doors,
On chance of seeing them alight.

Carriages dashed up one by one
In a never-ending stream ;
Bearing ladies, in satins and silks,
Who with jewels were all a gleam.

In vain the Guardian of the Peace
Cried "Stand back! Move on! Make way!"
The mob closed in, eager to gaze
On the world they saw not every day.

When suddenly within their midst,
Like a roll of thunder ran
A sound that echoed from lip to lip,
And dispersed them to a man.

The hand of the thief had left its mark
On the brow of a lady fair,
In snatching a priceless brilliant
From the coils of her golden hair.

The hue-and-cry had not yet paled
When a little form was espied,
Crouched in a niche of the portico,
Shivering—and terrified!

"Here 'tis, Sir! the lidy's pretty pin!"
Within his grimy palm it lay—
"'Twasn't me as stole it, please, Sir!"
"Who was it then? Come! Will you say?"

Speechless from fright, he shook his head;
Tears welled in his eyes and down his cheeks.
"He's fed me—when I've been starving,
If you nab Jim—why, then, I never speaks!"

"You'd better tell that story to the Beak,"
The stolid minion of the law replied,
As onward through the streets they marched,
With an angry curious crowd beside.

"Stubborn, as well as artful, eh?
But we've a remedy will make him speak;
A month's hard labour, and the birch, twelve strokes!"
Convicted! he staggered, faint and weak.

* * * *

Quivering in every limb he lay;
His starved frail body, bruised and sore;
Between his gasping breaths he prayed—
"Lord! Save poor Jim from stealing any more!"

"In truth he was a little hero, Sir";
And the Warder's eyes grew dim.
"He couldn't see what a coward Jim was;
Only—how kind he'd been to him.

"Never thought he'd paid his debt with his life,
Or suffered for him such pain—
'Tell Jim,' he said, 'if you have the chance—
I shall never be hungry again!'"

The Magistrate's remedy failed for once ;
When they met the following week,
The brave little heart was safe at rest,
Where naught human could make him speak.

Acts of kindness, however small,
Are the lamps we burn each day ;
They serve as milestones along the road
Which leads to Eternal Day.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

THE royal feast was done ; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, " Sir Fool,
Kneel down for us and make a prayer ! "

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before ;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool ;
His pleading voice arose : " O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !

" No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool ;
The rod must heal the sin ; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !

" 'Tis by our guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and light, O Lord, we stay ;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from Heaven away.

" These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end ;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

" The ill-timed truth that we have kept—
We know how sharp it pierced and stung ;
The word we had not sense to stay—
Who knows how grandly it had rung ?

" Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all ;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

" Earth bears no blossoms for mistakes,
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will ; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool ! "

The room was hushed. In silence rose
The king, and sought his garden cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
" Be merciful to me, a fool ! "

ANON.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

IN speaking of a person's faults,
Please don't forget your own—
Remember those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.
We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried ;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who has not?—
The old as well as young ;
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.
I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well—
To try my own defects to cure
Before of others tell ;
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do,
'Tis those we little know.
Remember curses sometimes, like
Our chickens, "roost at home";
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

ANON.

A TRAMP.

LEMME sit down a minute, a stone's got in my shoe :

Don't you commence your cussin', I ain't done nothin' to you.

Yes, I'm a tramp. What of it? Folks say we ain't no good,

But tramps has to live, I reckon, though folks don't think we should.

Once I was strong and handsome, had plenty of cash and clothes,

That was afore I tiptoed and gin got into my nose.

Down in Lehigh Valley me and my people grew :

I was a blacksmith, Cap'n—yes, and a good one, too;

Me and my wife and Nellie—Nellie was just sixteen,

She was the pootiest creature the valley had ever seen.

Beaux? Why, she had a dozen—had 'em from near and fur;

But they were mostly farmers, none of 'em suited her.

There was a city stranger, young, handsome and tall,
Damn him—I wish I had him strangled agin that wall.

He was the man for Nellie—she didn't know no ill;

Mother she tried to stop it, but you know a young
gal's will.

Well, it's the same old story—common enough,
you'll say,

He was a soft-tongued devil, and got her to run away.
More than a month after we heard from the poor
young thing—

He'd gone away and left her without a wedding ring.
Back to her home we brought her, back to her
mother's side,

Fill'd with a raging fever—she fell at my feet and
died.

Frantic with shame and trouble, her mother began to
sink.

Dead—in less than a fortnight—that's when I took
to drink.

Gimme one glass, Curnel, and then I'll be on my
way,

I'll tramp till I find that scoundrel, if it takes till the
Judgment Day.

ANON.

WILL FERN, THE VAGRANT.

(BY CHARLES DICKENS.)

GENTLE folks! You've just drunk the labourer. Look at me, just come fra jail, and neither for the first time, nor the second, nor the third, nor yet the fourth! Look at me—you see I'm at the worst—beyond all hurt or harm—beyond your help; for the time when your kind words or kind actions could have done *me* good is gone wi' the scent o' last year's beans or clover on the air!

Gentle folks! I've lived mony a year in this place. You may see the cottage from the sunk fence over yonder. I've seen the ladies draw it in their books a hundred times. It looks well in a pictur, I've heard say; but there arn't weather in pictures, and maybe it's fitter for that than for a place to live in. Well, I lived there. How hard—how bitter hard I lived there, I won't say. Any day in the year and every day, you can judge for your own selves. 'Tis harder than you think for, gentle folks, to grow up decent—commonly decent—in such a place. That I growed up a man and not a brute says something for me as I was then—as I am now there's nothing can be said or done for me—I'm past it.

I dragged on somehow. Neither me nor any other man knows how, but so heavy that I couldn't put a cheerful face on it, or make believe that I was anything but what I was. Now, gentlemen—you gentlemen that sits at sessions—when you see a man wi' discontent writ on his face you says one to another, "He's suspicious." "I has my doubts," says you, "about Will Fern. Watch that fellow!" I don't say, gentlemen, it ain't quite hatred, but I say 'tis so, and from that hour whatever Will Fern does or lets alone—all's one—it goes against him.

Now, gentlemen, see how your laws are made to trap and hunt us when we're brought to this. I tries to live elsewhere, and I'm a vagabond! "To jail wi' him!" I comes back here; I goes a nutting in your woods and breaks—who don't?—a timber branch or two—"To jail wi' him!" One o' your keepers sees me in the broad day near my own patch o' garden. "We're a goin' to jail wi' him!" I have a natural angry word wi' that man when I'm free again—"To jail wi' him!" I cuts a stick—"To jail wi' him!" Peals a rotten apple or a turnip—"To jail wi' him!" It's twenty miles away, and coming back I begs a trifle on the road—"To jail wi' him!" At last the constable—the keeper—anybody finds me anywhere, a doing anything—"To jail wi' him, for he's a vagrant and a jail-bird known, and jail's the only home he's got!"

Do I say this to serve *my* cause? Who can gi' me back my liberty? who can gi' me back my good

name? Not all the lords and ladies in wide England. But, gentlemen, dealing wi' other men like me, begin at the right end. Give us, in mercy, better homes when we are lying in our cradles; gi' us better food when we are working for our lives; gi' us kinder laws to bring us back when we are a going wrong, and don't set jail, jail, jail afore us everywhere we turn. There ain't a condescension you can show the labourer then that he won't take as ready and as grateful as a man can be, for he has a patient, peaceful, and a willing heart. But you must put his rightful spirit in him first, for whether he's a wreck or ruin such as me, or is like one of them that stand here now, his spirit is divided from you at this time. Bring it back, gentle folks, bring it back. Bring it back afore the day comes when even his Bible changes in his altered mind, and the words seem to read, as they have sometimes read in my own eyes in jail: "Whither thou goest I can *not* go; where thou lodgest I do *not* lodge; thy people are *not* my people, nor *thy* God *my* God."

Adapted from "The Chimes."

LARIAT BILL.

"WELL, stranger, 'twas somewhere in '69
I was running the 'Frisco fast express;
An' from Murder Creek to Blasted Pine
Were nigh on to eighteen mile, I guess.
The road were a down-grade all the way,
An' we pulled out of Murder a little late;
So I opened the throttle wide that day,
An' a mile a minute were 'bout our gait.

"My fireman's name was Lariat Bill,
A quiet man with an easy way,
Who could rope a steer with a cowboy's skill,
Which he'd learned in Texas, I've heard him say.
The coil were strong as tempered steel,
An' it went like a bolt from a crossbow flung,
An' arter Bill changed from saddle to wheel,
Just over his head in the cab it hung.

"Well, as I was sayin', we fairly flew
As we struck the curve at Buffalo Spring,
An' I give her full steam an' put her through,
An' the engine rocked like a livin' thing;
When all of a sudden I got a scare—
For thar on the track were a little child!
An' right in the path of the engine there,
She held out her little hands and smiled!

"I jerked the lever an' whistled for brakes,
The wheels threw sparks like a shower of gold;
But I knew the trouble a down-grade makes,
An' set my teeth, an' my flesh grew cold.
Then Lariat Bill yanked his long lasso,
An' out in front of the engine crept—
He balanced a moment before he threw,
Then out in the air his lariat swept!"

He paused. There were tears in his honest eyes.
The stranger listened with bated breath—
"I know the rest of the tale," he cries;
"He snatched the child from the jaws of death!
'Twas the deed of a hero—from heroes bred—
Whose praises the very angels sing."
The engineer shook his grizzled head
And growled: "He didn't do no sich thing.

"He aimed for the stump of a big pine tree,
An' the lariat caught with a double hitch,
An' in less'n a second the train an' we
Were yanked off the track an' inter the ditch!
'Twas an awful smash, an' it laid me out;
I ain't forgot it, an' never shall—
Were the passengers hurt? Lemme see—
Yes, it killed about forty—but saved the gal!

ANON.

A STORY OF FOLKESTONE.

TWAS on the pier at Folkestone, as I stood one
autumn morn,
A stranger strode toward me, and his lip was curled
in scorn ;
His hair was waving wildly in the fresh September
wind ;
His manner showed distinctly he had something on
his mind.

"Oh, say, art thou an Englishman?" he cried, and
seized my wrist,
And glared at me so fiercely that I begged of him to
desist.
"If, as a son of Albion, thou lovest thy country's
fame,
Come see a sight to make thy cheek flush up with
honest shame."

He led me to the harbour side, where lay a stately
boat,
And pointed to the passengers the while he cleared
his throat ;
The vessel's deck was loaded with a motley human
freight,
And still poured in by twos and threes the many
who were late.

"Dost know," the stranger cried, "why thus they
leave their native shore?

They fly from persecution, as their fathers did of yore;
They leave Paternal Government and England's
hated laws,

Lares and Penates all, in Freedom's sacred cause.

"Ye sapient legislators, how I would that ye were
here,

Who trample on our liberties, who meddle with our
beer,

Forbid al fresco dancing, why no man can understand,
Who make your cheap policemen tyrant rulers in the
land.

"Ye bigots, who around the neck of Progress hang
your logs

While the British Constitution's going surely to the
dogs;

I would, ere yet yon steamer start, beside me ye
could stand

And mark the band of emigrants who seek a better
land.

"Farewell to ye, my countrymen; across the sea
there lies

A land where food and fuel don't continually rise,
A land where after midnight's hour your thirst you
still may quench;

To bid you cease your dancing comes no order from
the Bench."

The stranger's eyes were flashing, and his voice was
very loud ;

He ceased his wild oration when a voice from out
the crowd

Cried, "Lor, we bain't no hemigrants, we're on another
tack ;

This 'ere's Boulogne Excursion, and it's five bob
there and back !"

ANON.

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.

BY FRANK GASSAWAY.

THE first thing that I remember was Carlo tugging
away,
With the sleeve of my coat fast in his teeth, pulling
as much as to say :
“Come, master, awake, and tend to the switch, lives
now depend upon you ;
Think of the souls in the coming train and the graves
you’re sending them to ;
Think of the mother and babe at her breast, think of
the father and son ;
Think of the lover and loved one, too, think of them
doomed every one
To fall, as it were, by your very hand, into yon
fathomless ditch,
Murdered by one who should guard them from harm,
who now lies asleep at the switch.”

I sprang up amazed, scarce knew where I stood, sleep
had o’ermastered me so ;
I could hear the wind hollowly howling and the deep
river dashing below,
I could hear the forest leaves rustling as the trees by
the tempest were fanned.
But what was that noise at a distance? That—I
could not understand !

I heard it at first indistinctly, like the rolling of some
muffled drum,

Then nearer and nearer it came to me, and made my
very ears hum.

What is this light that surrounds me and seems to
set fire to my brain?

What whistle's that yelling so shrilly! Oh, God!
I know now—it's the train!

We often stand facing some danger, and seem to take
root to the place;

So I stood with this demon before me, its heated
breath scorching my face:

Its headlight made day of the darkness, and glared
like the eyes of some witch;

The train was almost upon me before I remembered
the switch.

I sprang to it, seizing it wildly, the train dashing fast
down the track—

The switch resisted my efforts, some devil seemed
holding it back.

On, on came the fiery-eyed monster and shot by my
face like a flash;

I swooned to the earth the next moment, and knew
nothing after the crash.

How long I laid there unconscious were impossible
for me to tell.

My stupor was almost a heaven, my waking almost a
hell—

For I then heard the piteous moaning and shrieking
of husbands and wives,

And I thought of the day we all shrink from, when
I must account for their lives.

Mothers rushed like maniacs, their eyes staring madly
and wild ;
Fathers, losing their courage, gave way to their grief
like a child ;
Children searching for parents, I noticed, as by me
they sped,
And lips that could form naught but " Mamma " were
calling for one perhaps dead.
My mind was made up in a second—the river should
hide me away,
When, under the still burning rafters, I suddenly
noticed there lay
A little white hand—she who owned it was doubtless
an object of love
To one whom her loss would drive frantic, though
she guarded him now from above.
I tenderly lifted the rafters and quietly laid them one
side ;
How little she thought of her journey when she left
for this last fatal ride.
I lifted the last log from off her, and while searching
for some spark of life
Turned her little face up in the starlight, and recog-
nised—Maggie, my wife !
Oh, Lord ! Thy scourge is a hard one—at a blow
Thou hast shattered my pride ;
My life will be one endless night-time with Maggie
away from my side.
How often we've sat down and pictured the scenes
in our long, happy life ;
How I'd strive through all of my lifetime to build up
a home for my wife ;

How people would envy us always in our cosy and
neat little nest,
When I would do all the labour and Maggie should
all the day rest ;
How one of God's blessings might cheer us, when
some day I p'r'aps should be rich ;
But all of my dreams have been shattered while I
lay there asleep at the switch.

I fancied I stood on my trial, the jury and judge
I could see,
And every eye in the court-room was steadfastly
fixed upon me,
And fingers were pointed in scorn, till I felt my face
blushing red,
And the next thing I heard were the words " Hung
by the neck until dead !"
Then I felt myself pulled once again, and my hand
caught tight hold of a dress,
And I heard " What's the matter, dear Jim ? You've
had a bad nightmare, I guess."
And there stood Maggie, my wife, with never a scar
from the ditch ;
I'd been taking a nap in my bed, and had not been
asleep at the switch !

CRIPPLE BEN.

BY GEORGE L. CATLIN.

DOWN in a street by the river's side,
Where ebbs and flows the hurrying tide
Of city life, in a squalid den,
Hungry and poor, dwelt "Cripple Ben."
So they called him; no other name
He e'er had boasted since first he came,
Unknown, unnoticed, his care to hide
In that wretched home by the river's side.
Ragged, one-legged, deformed was he;
His age not over twenty-and-three.
All day long on his crutch he'd go
Through the streets with a painful gait and slow,
Vending matches, and pins, and soap,
Ever cheery and full of hope,
Never complaining, never sad,
With an eye so bright, and a face so glad,
In spite of his cares, that folks would pause
In passing to buy from his little stores;
And children would see his cheery smile
Reflected back in their own the while,
And even the rough, blunt sailor-men
Had always a word for "Cripple Ben."

Yet oft on the pier where the great ships lay
He'd sit and rest on a summer's day,
And peering over the moss-grown brink
On the seething tide below, would think
And wonder if in yon current there
He could bury for ever his weight of care.
"Nobody cares for me," he'd say ;
"I'm weary of toiling every day.
By night a hard and narrow bed,
By day a beggarly crust of bread.
Why not finish it all? And then
Nobody'll miss poor Cripple Ben."
Yet something within him said : "Live on ;
Though thy heart be lonely, thy features wan,
Even for thee it rests in store
To do some good ere thy life is o'er."
So, then, with a sigh of silent pain,
He'd hobble away on his crutch again,
And take up his burden of life once more,
Bravely and patiently as before.
One day last June, in an eager hunt
For a friend's place down by the river front,
I suddenly heard a piercing cry—
A cry of grief from the pier hard by :
And half a hundred hurrying feet
Were speeding across the rough-paved street.
I joined the crowd. At the pier-head, lo !
A woman, wringing her hands in woe,
Screamed, "Oh! my child!" while men did shout,
And out in the current, out, far out,

A man was struggling to keep afloat
A baby form. "A boat! a boat!"
We shouted. Then stalwart arms and brave
Pulled hurriedly forth, two lives to save.
'Twas not in vain, for, quicker than thought,
Those dripping two to the pier they brought.
"The child's alive!" they cried with zest,
And the babe was clasped to its mother's breast.
But what of him—the other one—
With his face upturned to the noonday sun!
Lifeless they lifted him up, and then
A bystander said: "*Why, it's Cripple Ben!*"

GREAT TORWALD.

A LEGEND OF NORROWAY.

BY S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.

"O COME with me to Norroway—the blast is biting
keen—

Sheela! Sheela! O listen to the roar!
I'll show you wild enchanted lands no mortal eye has
seen—

Sheela! Sheela! my ship is by the shore!"
But Sheela, she was timid; and Torwald, he was
bold;
His hair was clouds of midnight—hers like the
morning's gold;
Yet she clung to him and went with him all through
the winter's cold—

Sheela! Sheela! Bewitched for evermore.
The wind swept bleak o'er Norroway—o'er Norroway's
drear coast,

Sheela! Sheela! became the Rover's bride.
And he mocked the seas and tempest, and godless
was his boast,

Sheela! Sheela! stood trembling by his side!

The wild waves leapt to Heaven and they kissed the
 leaden sky,

And the seagulls joined Great Torwald in a weird,
 unearthly cry,

While the thunders crashed in fury and the lightnings
 flashed a-high—

 Sheela! Sheela! watched ever the green tide.

Long months Great Torwald steered his barque, the
 Odin of the seas!

 Sheela! Sheela! Forsook of God and man!
For Torwald was a demon lost—a spirit ill at ease;

 Sheela! Sheela! Beneath the Devil's ban!
And they had an elfin baby with large, strange eyes
 and bright,

That shone like coals of fire in the dark, dead hour
 of night;

And the mother was mad-stricken, and her golden
 hair turned white.

 Sheela! Sheela! grew haggard-worn and wan.

Lo! the fiend-child of Torwald mocked the very
 God Himself!

 Sheela! Sheela! Her horror passed belief!
Lest the ghoulish monsters of the deep should claim
 her fearsome elf,

 Sheela! Sheela! wept silent tears of grief.
Then the mother in her terror flung her infant to the
 wind,

And the foam and spray dashed upward like death's
 lava, felling blind

The bride of the Great Torwald, and sapped and
damned her mind—

Sheela! Sheela! leapt at a jagged reef.

Along the coast of Norroway—of Norroway the
grim,

Sheela! Sheela! Her spirit haunts the shore;
And when the day is ended and the earth light
burneth dim,

Sheela! Sheela! Above the ceaseless roar
The cry of a lost soul rings up to Heaven's golden
gate,

Mingled with an infant's wailing, in a voice of dread
and hate ;

And the answer ever surgeth down "Too late!
Too late! Too late!"

Sheela! Sheela! Lost, lost for evermore!

Now, by the coast of Norroway, Great Torwald rides
in vain,

Sheela! Sheela! lies in the depths unknown;
And, save by Torwald, tenantless, the vessel breasts
the main,

"Sheela! Sheela!" for ever is his moan.

So right unto the Judgment Day he still must ride
the deep,

O'er savage seas and oceans, till the Doom-tide he
must sweep,

And his eyes will never know again the lulling charm
of sleep.

Sheela! Sheela! Great Torwald is *alone*!

THE PARLOUR BILLIARDS.

BY "SAUL SMIFF."

THE other evening Mr. Pottle came home with a large box under his arm.

"What have you got there?" asked his wife in pleasant expectation.

"What d'ye think?" replied Mr. Pottle; "but before you start to guess I can tell you a few things that it isn't. It isn't a step-ladder, or a grand piano, or a dog-cart, or a drawing-room carpet."

"I know," she said triumphantly; "it's a magic-lantern for the Sunday-school children."

"No, it is not a magic-lantern for the school children, nor is it a Christmas tree for the deserving poor. It is not even a parcel of books for the Dogs' Home. Try again."

"I shall never guess," said his wife despairingly, "unless—unless it's a musical-box."

"A what?" cried Mr. Pottle. "D'you think I'm going skipping round on my hind-legs while you churn 'The Blue Danube' out of a rheumatic, weak-kneed, half-witted, swivel-eyed musical-box?"

"Well, what is it?"

"This," said Mr. Pottle impressively, "is the game of billiards."

"How jolly," said Mrs. Pottle, "only we must be

careful not to make any breaks. You're out when you make a break, aren't you?"

"That is a point that the rules don't mention," said Mr. Pottle; "it's one of their mistakes. Now let's clear the table and begin."

"I thought you could play it on the floor," said his wife, as she carefully removed everything from the table except a flower-vase in the middle.

"What do you leave that there for?" asked her husband; "think we're going to play a new variation of cork pool? Help me to screw these things on, will you!"

"What are these holes for?" said Mrs. Pottle. "I suppose when the ball goes in there you're out, aren't you?"

"Why will you keep on arguing?" replied her husband. "Do you think the game of billiards is to strike the ball as hard as you can, and then run round the table until it stops?"

"No," said Mrs. Pottle; "that's cricket, anybody knows that. But what's the difference between Rugby billiards and Association? Isn't one spot barred or something?"

Mr. Pottle sat down and buried his face in his hands.

"Look here," he said, when he partially recovered, "you write your questions down, so that I can have time to think them out. I wasn't prepared for such a display of intricate knowledge of British sports and pastimes."

Then he took up a cue, and placed the balls for an easy shot.

"Now watch me," he said. "I strike this white ball to hit the red and then go in the pocket, and that counts three."

Unfortunately nothing of the kind occurred. "Of course," explained Mr. Pottle, "if this had been real billiards——"

"Let me try," said his wife eagerly, as with the side of her cue she scooped a red ball into a pocket.

"It cannoned, it did, it did!" she cried, dancing with delight. "I've won."

"We haven't started yet," said her husband. "I was only showing you how to play."

"Oh, yes, you say that because you're beaten," replied Mrs. Pottle. "You men think that women can do nothing. Now this time I'll give you a start, as I'm a better player. You shall have the red ball, and I'll have the white ones, and we'll see who can poke them in the holes quickest. Now—one—two—when I say three——"

"One moment," said Mr. Pottle earnestly. "I think it would be much more exciting if we put the balls on the floor and played hop-scotch with them. About billiards you've convinced me I know nothing; but I flatter myself I can play hop-scotch."

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Pottle; "you're only sneering now because I beat you. I shall just have some practice by myself. Is there a lady champion? I'm sure I could beat her with practice. I seem to have a natural gift for the game, don't I?"

And Mr. Pottle laughed.

From "Pottle Papers."

THORL, THE BOXER.

BY BART KENNEDY.

A GREAT hush swept through the amphitheatre as Thorl, the boxer, entered the arena. Then came applause, sweeping and sudden as rush of whirlwind—applause from thousands, and cries and shouts, and fierce, hard laughs; for the sight of this terrible gladiator had forced to a still higher intenseness the wolfish instinct of these people, who on this day had come to see blood-spilling and killing—these people of the mighty, world-conquering Rome. How they exulted as beasts tore men, and men slew beasts! And they had acquired an admiration for this boxer because of the many men he had killed with a single blow from his cestus—that crushing blow! But Thorl knew that if a stronger boxer than himself vanquished him and killed him, he would be no more thought of than yonder lion, which lay, afar across the arena, dead—aye, dead from a gladius-thrust delivered by his comrade Lataro, who himself had perished beneath the awful rend and stroke of the lion ere it expired.

And Thorl answered the applause with a scowl. The Romans admired defiance. Truly was this boxer a fine human brute, full of fibre and fight!

The cestus which Thorl used in the delivery of his blow was a half glove, made out of a thick, strong leather. From it protruded a row of sharp iron spikes. It was fashioned so as to just cover the boxer's knuckles.

And now they were cheering him. Bah! He wished that he could put forth his whole power, his whole life, into one last blow that would strike them all dead—all, from Emperor to slave. He was weary of the fighting and the blood-shedding. He longed for peace, for rest. To-day death would be to this gladiator a welcome guest.

And now he remembered the restful smile that stole over the faces of the men he had killed in combat. And the remembrance brought to him a peace.

"Morituri, Cæsar, te salutamis."

Thorl was saluting the Emperor after the fashion of the gladiators. His powerful voice swelled through the amphitheatre. It seemed to awaken echoes from the lips of the dead men, and in it was a weird, mocking ring. The spectators were startled.

He stood with right hand uplifted. He was great of stature, and his face was grandly bold. He had come from out the land of the far North, and, with his long fair hair and blue eyes, he looked as a glorious Norse fighting god who had sprung suddenly to the life, full-powered and ready for the battle.

Again was heard a salutation to the Emperor. It was the boxer who was to fight Thorl on this day—

gladiator new to the arena. Thorl, though he had heard of him, had never seen him. Indeed, he had of late become unsocial and sad. He had fought with and killed so many of the men with whom he had formed friendships that he had wished to form no more.

The word was given, and the gladiators faced. Thorl's opponent was a Norseman of giant build.

For a moment Thorl had felt a reluctance as to fighting with him. But this was useless to think of, for the Romans would have insisted upon it, and it would be death to refuse. He was forced to fight. Nay, not forced, he thought fiercely. He was willing to defy, to brave everything; but the old habit of obedience to the law of the arena came full upon him, and the fighting instinct took possession of him. Again he was the boxing demon who had killed all his men with one blow.

They sprang toward each other. Thorl's opponent made a blow and missed. Then he fled, followed by Thorl, who rapidly closed in upon him, and was about to strike him down when the flying boxer wheeled suddenly and drove the cestus full against his breast. Thorl fell, his blood gushing into the sand.

At this the spectators rose and shook the amphitheatre, shouting. The suddenness of the thing had astounded them. Thorl had never been struck in such a manner before. This was indeed a combat fitting to be witnessed by the gods!

Thorl sprang to his feet and rushed at his opponent. The blood streamed from his breast, his eyes flashed, his face convulsed. He was a sight to quail the heart of the bravest. The Romans shuddered and held their breaths. Truly might this man fight his way through a band of lions!

As Thorl rushed upon him his opponent suddenly lost heart and fell upon his knees, letting his arms fall by his side. He was beaten without a blow. The sight of Thorl, who had blazed before him into an awful coming death, had cowed him. He closed his eyes and waited.

Thorl stopped. As he did yells arose from all sides of the amphitheatre. They howled to him to strike the kneeling gladiator dead. Their thumbs pointed downward.

But a new rage had filled the soul of Thorl. It was directed against the Romans. He thought of them but as a pack of blood-lusting wolves. He would now end it all. Shouts rent the air. The spectators were worked to a fury.

Thorl dashed his cesti into the sand and gestured defiantly. Then he cried to the boxer, who was still kneeling—

“Rise! rise, fellow-countryman! Fling thy cesti away, and let us die together. Here, take thou this gladius,” handing him one that lay near and taking up another for himself.

Then, stooping, he picked up one of the cesti and hurled it full at the Emperor.

"Romans!" he thundered, "I defy you all! Send forth your legions! Kill me! kill me! Ah, the time will come when men from the North such as I will shake your Rome to the dust! Come on! come on!"

There followed a great uproar. This insult to the Emperor was an unheard-of thing. He must die!

Soldiers were ordered into the arena. They closed around the gladiators.

* * * * *

And Thorl, the boxer, died fighting mightily. And the dying sun's red rays lit up his face with a strange glory as he lay in peace and rest upon the sand of the arena.

From "Darab's Wine Cup."

COURAGE.

BY MRS. ALBERT S. BRADSHAW.

DING-DONG ! ding-dong ! ding-dong !
The School bell's brazen tongue
Rang out its notes of freedom
On the odorous summer air,
And with a swift response,
The open doors flung open wide
To let the human current pass between ;
While, from a hundred lusty throats,
The air was rent with cries and shouts,
And sounds of scampering feet
Resounded, where before had silence been.
But suddenly the hum of merriment
Was broken by discordant jeers ;
The group soon swelled into a crowd
Around the object of their cries and sneers,
" Here's a fine fellow who admits
He cannot kick a ball,
Or wield a bat, or run a mile,
Unless he faint or fall !"
" He'd spoil his soft white hands," said one,
" Or perhaps his golden curls."
" They addressed him to the wrong *house* :
He wants the school for *girls*."

"Did you say his name was Lily?"
And the air with laughter rang.
"Dear little, fair little, sweet little Lily"
They danced around and sang.
Tall, slim and pale, within their midst he stood,
Smarting beneath their cruel caustic tone,
And when he raised his voice in self-defence
They turned and left him standing—quite alone!

* * * * *

Ding-dong! ding-dong! ding-dong!
With rapid, eager strokes
The School bell pealed upon the midnight air,
And soon there mingled with its clang
Loud cries for help and shrieks of mad despair.
The purple sky was lit
With lurid shafts of blazing light,
While scorching, leaping tongues of flame
Disclosed the harrowing, hideous sight—
A surging, seething mass, maddened by fear
And wild desire for life,
Fighting against each other—
Comrades and brothers falling in the strife.

* * * * *

"Make for the ladders! Quick! there's help below!"
A clear young voice rang out in shrill command.
"This way, boys! Courage! the youngsters first!"
And in obedience to that guiding hand
Confusion ceased—the goal of safety reached.

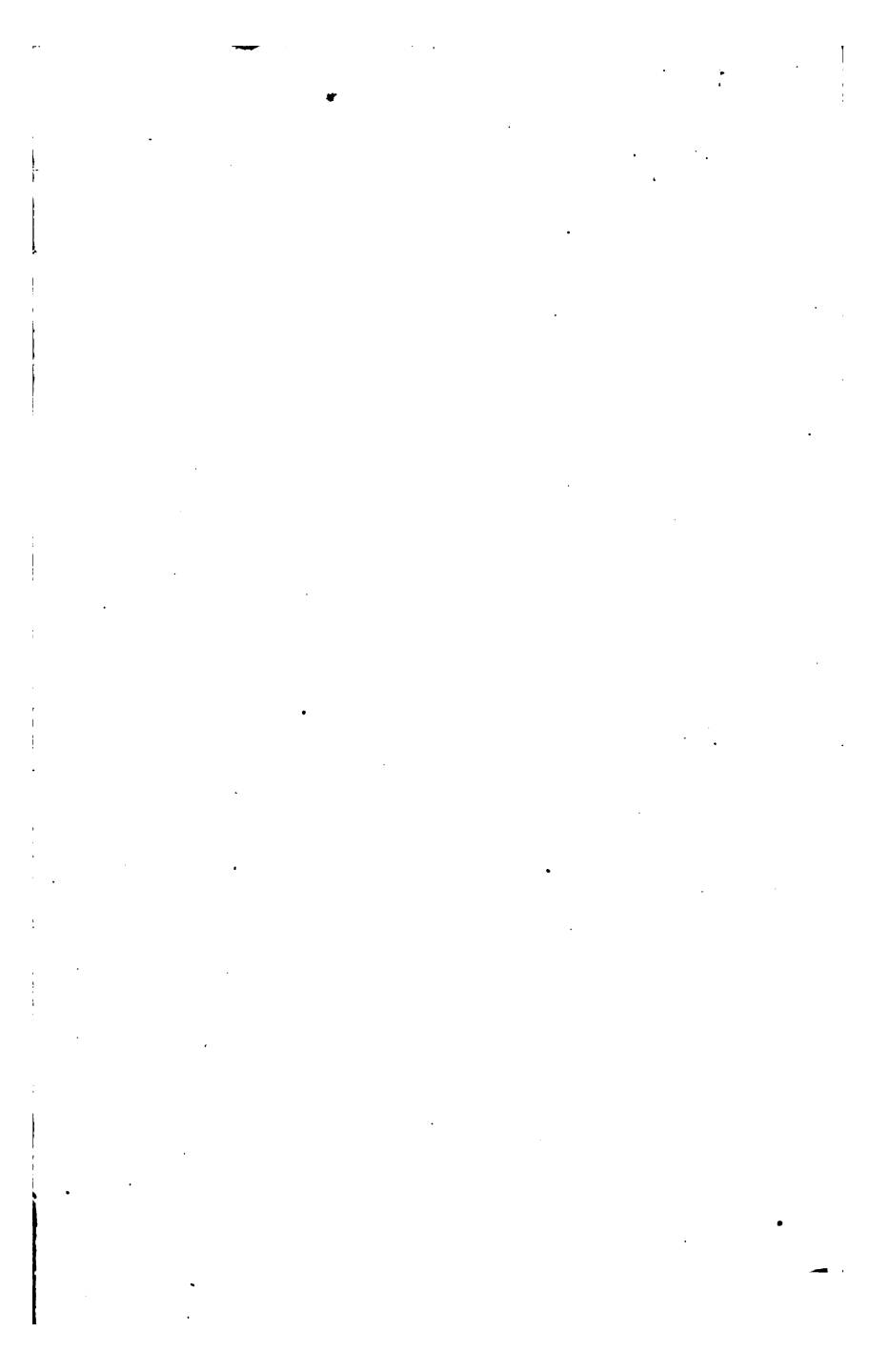
While cheers proclaimed the work of rescue o'er
The leaping flames crackled and hissed afresh,
Then grew to a tempestuous roar.
And in the midst of wreathing flame appeared
A slender form they watched with bated breath,
Who, with a burden clasped about his neck,
Fought bravely on, though face to face with death.
Safe! Safe at last! and saved—the fair young life
For which the brave boy gladly risked his own.
Scorched were the golden curls and soft white hands,
No longer was he left to stand—alone!
Hip-hip hooray! hip-hip hooray! hooray!
Louder and louder grew the lusty cheers;
For when an English schoolboy's honour's roused
Frankly he'll own his faults, in spite of fears.
Long will his valour live in every heart;
Not only in the football team or cricket ground,
Not only in the giant frame or stalwart form,
They'd learned true hearts and courage might be
found!

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